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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Little Election

A NEW hope seems to have filled the Conservative Party following last week's "little general election," the by-elections held to fill vacancies in the seats of Argyll, Ealing South, Weston, St. Helen's and Wigan. Party representation in these constituencies did not change, although there was considerable change in the pattern of voting compared with the General Election. Again the Conservatives lost heavily in four of the five electorates. But in one—St. Helen's—they gained, reducing a Labour General Election majority from almost 16,000 votes to almost 12,000 votes.

Again, Liberal candidates polled well and in the Argyll seat, wrested second place from the Labour candidate even though the Liberal Party did not contest the seat in the last General Election. Commentators feel that although the Liberals did not manage to gain a seat as they did when Mr. Mark Bonham Carter recently won Torrington, the Party have the satisfaction of having substantially increased their poll in the three constituencies they chose to contest.

Smaller Swing

A n interesting feature of the "little election" however, was that not only was the swing against the Government smaller than at previous by-elections, but for the first time voting showed that the Liberal intervention represented possibly as serious a threat to Labour as to the Government.

According to the right-wing Daily Telegraph political observers are reported to have said that if "any common pattern is discernible in the results it is encouraging to the Government" and again "support for the Government is clearly on the upgrade. Ministers are entitled to feel that the climb will become easier as the benefits of a vigorous economic and industry policy become more and more apparent to electors."

These comments will undoubtedly provoke resonant cheers from party supporters but others will regard them as rash and will prefer to wait until there are more substantial indications of a recovery in Government stocks.

Khrushchev In Control Tough New Policy Towards West Expected

London, June 20.

Authoritative Moscow dispatches reported Nikita Khrushchev's one-man rule was fully consolidated today after a secret meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee.

He's Still Without A Job

Paris, June 20.

M. Jacques Soustelle, former Governor-General of Algeria, today sidetracked a question on what post he will eventually be given by Premier General Charles de Gaulle by replying: "The question of persons is not interesting, especially when the issue is myself."

M. Soustelle, who slipped out of Paris and went to Algiers shortly after the National Safety Committee was set up there last month, added: "I am at General de Gaulle's disposal."

Speaking at a press conference here M. Soustelle urged the need "to form unity around the government of the Republic and to have confidence in General de Gaulle."—France-Press.

Ban To Stay

Washington, June 20. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas today refused to lift a ban preventing the crew of the ketch Golden Rule from sailing into the Pacific nuclear testing area.—Reuter.

State Loan

Paris, June 20. M. Antoine Pinay, General de Gaulle's Finance Minister, reported to a cabinet meeting today that the state loan pegged to gold launched last Tuesday was even more successful than had been hoped.—Reuter.

Tunis, June 20. Tunisia and Morocco tonight announced their intention of pooling their diplomatic representation in certain countries and harmonising their positions at world conferences.—Reuter.

HAMMARSKJOLD'S MID-EAST TOUR

To Visit Cairo For Talks

United Nations, June 20. United Nations Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjold, is to visit Cairo for discussions on the United Nations Emergency Force and other questions, it was announced here today in an official communiqué. The communiqué said that Hammarskjold would leave Beirut for Amman and Jerusalem tomorrow, and would return there



for final talks with the U.N. observer team on Monday and Tuesday.—France-Press.

ARMY GETS TOUGH IN LEBANON

Beirut, June 20.

The Lebanese Army, incensed by the killing of two soldiers in west Beirut today, tonight ordered its men to flatten any house in which they found rebel snipers operating.

PENNEY FOR GENEVA CONFERENCE

London, June 20. The British Foreign Office announced today that it would send experts to the projected nuclear control conference at Geneva July 1.

The conference, initiated by President Eisenhower, will be the first East-West meeting on disarmament issues since the arms cut talks broke down last summer.

They reported that more significant disclosure of policy will be expected in the days ahead as Khrushchev moves to carry out his mandate.

It was taken for granted that Khrushchev had won endorsement for his crackdown in Eastern Europe—specifically the feud over "national" Communism with Yugoslavia and the Stalin-style execution of Imre Nagy.—U.P.I.

A statement from the Ministry of Defence said that two houses from which snipers killed two soldiers early today had been destroyed with heavy weapons.

The statement added: "We have noted that some members of the security forces have recently been killed by sniper bullets. We have therefore ordered security forces to use the appropriate weapons to silence these rebel snipers and to destroy the houses in which they hide."

OBSERVERS

Observers here interpreted this statement as a sign that the Army, after four weeks of containing the rebels in Beirut, had decided to take a much tougher line.

The two houses destroyed today were near Beirut's "Prison of the Sands" between the town and the airport. They were destroyed after a clash between rebels and Army units, who used armoured cars and tanks.

The Geneva conference will be a "technical" meeting to determine the means and the scope of nuclear control.

The Ministry of Defence also announced another battle at Baalbek, the ancient Roman "City of the Sun" in the Bekaa valley. The clash began this morning and lasted until noon.—Reuter.

STUDENTS STONE RUSSIAN EMBASSY

Bonn, June 20. Hungarian students threw stones and ink-wells through the windows of the Soviet Embassy here tonight in a demonstration protesting against the executions of Hungarian revolutionary leaders.

Ston-faced German police charged the demonstrators with rubber batons and drove the estimated 400 students away from the Embassy building after the 20-minute flare-up.

They arrested 19 of the students, setting off a second clash, as the others demanded the release of their fellow-colleagues.

PORTRAITS

The Hungarian students, and some West German friends, collected here from Aachen, Hamburg, Hanover and other cities with placards, black-ribboned Hungarian flags and large portraits of revolutionary Premier Imre Nagy and General Pal Malter.

A 150-man police force, apparently forewarned of the demonstration, had taken up posts around the Soviet Embassy.

The students paraded around the closely-built police lines waving placards with such slogans as "Soviet murderers—do not forget the death of Imre Nagy and Pal Malter."

"The West negotiations—the Soviet murders," "Soviet guarantees—certain death" and "Today the Soviets murder in Hungary—where tomorrow?"

Makarios Rejects Britain's 3-Nation Rule For Cyprus

Athens, June 20.

Archbishop Makarios, exiled Greek-Cypriot leader, today rejected Britain's plan for three "nation partnership" rule in Cyprus.

LIAN-SHIN SAYS:
My Wedding Wasn't A Secret

London, June 21.

Cantoneese singer Lian-shin Yang denied today that her wedding to English actor, John Stone at a London registry office last February was intended to be secret.

She said, "It was a quiet wedding—but certainly not in secret."

"But her mother Mrs. Yang in Hongkong was one of the few people who knew the secret." She sent Lian-shin a Chi-Pao—a Chinese-style wedding gown—for the ceremony at the Chelsea Registry Office.

LOTUS HEART

Lian-shin (it means lotus heart) spent a two-day honeymoon in Paris before returning to complete her part in the film "Inn Of The Sixth Happiness" starring the late Robert Donat and Ingrid Bergman.

Her husband, John, is better known to English television as the popular Major Mike Arason in the "Desilvado Downing Street" series. He is now appearing in the new American play "Honour Bright."

Lian-shin, who studied in London, in Paris and in Rome, and sings in five European languages as well as five Chinese dialects expects to film in Hongkong soon.

Said Lotus Heart of her new husband, "I have known him for years—and I love his Chinese modesty."—Express.

IKE WONDERS ALOUD

Washington, June 20.

President Eisenhower paid an unscheduled visit to Mount Vernon today and wondered aloud if anyone ever questioned George Washington's integrity for accepting a gift sword.

Eisenhower stopped at Washington's home on the way back to the capital from a defence conference at Quantico, Va.

Rain At Last

Patna, June 20.

A six-week heat wave over Bihar state, which has claimed the lives of 372 people was broken today with heavy rain.

Two houses destroyed today were near Belait's "Prison of the Sands" between the town and the airport.

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De Gaulle Under Fire In Algeria

Algiers, June 20. General Charles de Gaulle was sharply criticized at a stormy session of the Committee of Public Safety here tonight for his agreement with Tunis to withdraw 7,000 French troops from there. He also came under fire for his decision to bring the Socialist leader, M. Guy Mollet, with him on his next visit to Algiers in July. Last time M. Mollet, then Prime Minister, would make it easier for Algerian insurgents to use Tunis as an operational base.

General Salan apparently regarded himself as the guardian of the spirit of the May 13 rising—that guarantees had been given to France that this would not be so.

The Committee was sharply divided over M. Mollet's visit. Some denounced him as a member of the "old political system."

In his defence, other members said M. Mollet, now Minister of State, was a key figure in the Cabinet because of his influence with the labour unions. They held it would be a grave mistake to allow Mollet to go to Algiers on his visit to Algeria.

After a three-hour session the Committee adjourned the discussion on M. Mollet until tomorrow.—Reuter.



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Use our Overseas Delivery Plan. Order here and take delivery where you wish. Sales and Service in 152 Countries.

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The World Famous Sherry
SPAIN'S BEST

—the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain and of course over here

Williams & Humbert's
DRY SACK
SHERRY
SPECIAL OLD VINTAGE
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
LONDON & SPAIN

KING'S PRINCESS
FINAL TO-DAY

MATURE BREAKS DOWN DORS
VICTOR MATURE · DIANA DORS
The LONG HAUL
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

— Opens To-morrow
GUY MADISON in "THE HARD MAN"

KING'S
air-conditioned
TO-MORROW
AT 11.00 A.M.
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
TECHNICOLOR-CARTOONS
At Reduced Admission

PRINCESS
SPECIAL WEEK-END
MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.00 noon — 20th Century-Fox's
"The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit"

Starring
Gregory Peck — Jennifer Jones — Frederic March
in CinemaScope — Colour by Do Luxo

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Paramount presents
"POPEYE THE SAILOR"

Technicolor Cartoon Variety Programme

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox present
Danny Kaye — Gena Tiersen — Corinne Calvet in
"ON THE RIVIERA"

Colour by Technicolor

Morning Show Admission: 70 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

Lee & Astor
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SHOWING TO-DAY
SPECIAL TIMES AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE

When women went to war, she was the bravest of them all...
starring
VIRGINIA MCKENNA PAUL SCORFIELD
Music by JACK WARREN Score by RICHARD HARRIS
Produced by VICTOR MATURE and LEWIS MCKEEAN
Directed by LEWIS MCKEEAN

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE At 12.00 Noon
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS from Fox

ASTOR THEATRE At 11.00 a.m. CHINESE COLOUR CARTOONS At 12.30 p.m. "BROKEN LANCE"

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

The exploits of COMMANDER CRABB The Frogman
filmed in the depths of the Mediterranean!

Laurence HARVEY · Dawn ADDAMS
John CLEMENTS · Michael CRAIG

**Silent
Enemy**

Distributed by LION INTERNATIONAL FILMS
A 20th Century-Fox Release
BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra Performance of
"THE SILENT ENEMY" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
Dean Martin Walt Disney's
Jerry Lewis in TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

FILMS Current and Coming

by Lucy Downing

COURAGE beyond the normal limits of human endurance and an energetic brand of bravery which has become almost a legend, are the themes of two true-life stories presented to filmgoers this weekend.

In "Carve Her Name With Pride" appearing at the Lee and Astor, courage of the most moving kind is contained in the fully-authenticated story of Mrs. Violette Szabo, the first Englishwoman to be awarded the George Cross for her services during the last war.

The bravery is found in "The Silent Enemy," thrilling film of the wartime exploits of Commander Lionel Crabb, who carried out a British one-man war with Italian frogmen. This fine action film is showing at the Roxy and Broadway. It will

appeal to all who love a hero and a handsome one too.

The heroine of "Carve Her Name With Pride" was an ordinary young woman, Violette Bushell, Brixton shopgirl, who is played convincingly with slight Cockney accent by Virginia McKenna. Her father (a working-class Englishman played by Jack Warner) had married a Frenchwoman (Doris Gray) during the First World War.

Their daughter, a lively girl and fine athlete, has two advantages over the average English girl. She is a crack shot and speaks French fluently.

Her meeting in a London park with a charming French officer, Lieutenant Etienne Szabo, whom she takes home for "le quatorze juillet" celebrations to please her mother, and their deftly-blossoming romance, are delightful parts of this gripping film. But tragedy follows swiftly. Within two years

Violette has lost her husband and a widow with a baby daughter.

At the Pensions Bureau she is interviewed and asked if she would join a secret British organization designed to help French resistance. She knows she is risking her life, but after joins, trains as a parachutist, learns Judo, lethal tricks of the Commandos and how to use a Sten gun.

After intensive training and with a secrecy which almost estranges her parents, Violette is dropped by parachute with another British agent (Paul Schofield) into occupied France, where she contacts survivors of a Resistance group and passes on orders which result in the destruction of a viaduct. The mission completed, she has a brief shopping spell in Paris and returns to England with a Molyneux gown and a very special dress for her little daughter.

The re-union in the Brixton home and tender moments with the uncompromising child contrast strikingly with the grim tension of the mission in France. But trained agents are valuable and scarce and Violette returns to France. There is much to be done. Her work is again with the French Underground. This time, luck is against her. She gets caught in a battle with German troops, accounts for some of them single-handed, and is captured. In French gaol she is subjected to humiliation and torture but refuses to reveal a certain secret code. A journey to the Ravensbruck firing squad is her pathetic end, save for the glorious spirit which has not been quenched.

King George VI received Violette's daughter in the dress from Paris in a postwar investiture at Buckingham Palace and the Queen, the George Cross, awarded posthumously to the first woman ever to receive it, to the gallant Violette Szabo. The film is a film to see and to remember.

William Fairchild wrote the screenplay and directed the film which was produced at Shepperton Studios in England and on location in Gibraltar.

TECHNICAL advice to ensure authenticity for

the Romulus film "The Silent Enemy" was given by Commander Joe Brooks of the Royal Navy who spent six weeks in Malta teaching RN divers how to handle the Italian underwater midget craft which carry two frogmen and a high explosive warhead.

In playing the part of Commander Crabb, Lawrence Harvey accepted a rather terrifying challenge emulating the qualities of a man who wore outdated equipment not designed for diving in a most dangerous theatre of war.

Ali the "normal" hazards of oxygen poisoning, fear of drowning, sharp rocks, jellyfish and sharks had to be faced and Harvey had also to learn a new method of acting under water where everything is magnified and three times as slow as on the surface.

In build and features there is no attempt at realism in the casting, as Crabb was a small man with a weak nose and a rugged countenance, enlivened with a fascinating smile. But gels caught in a battle with German troops, accounts for some of them single-handed, and is captured. In French gaol she is subjected to humiliation and torture but refuses to reveal a certain secret code. A journey to the Ravensbruck firing squad is her pathetic end, save for the glorious spirit which has not been quenched.

Dawn Adams is well-cast as the attractive Wren Officer Jill Masters, secretary to the Admiral (John Clements), who is outstandingly good. Another splendid characterisation is given by Sidney James as Chief Petty Officer Thorpe.

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And Here's A Preview

EVERY time I get all steamed up with indignation about a bad or a disgusting film some one is sure to write to me and say:

"If you hated it all that much why did you give it so much publicity?"

Well, that is the basic dilemma of a critic. It is not my job to drive people into the cinemas to see a film which I think is good. Neither is it my job to keep them away from something which I think is appalling.

All you can expect from me is a good, downright, honest opinion and whether, as a result, you quote at the box-office is up to you. This is still a free country, isn't it?

Anyway, here I go again this week giving a large amount of space to one of the most revolting pictures I have seen for years.

I do so because it opened with a splashy world premiere in the West End and Mr. J. Arthur Rank will soon be circulating it to other parts of Britain through his chain of cinemas.

I wish he was not, but that is his business, not mine.

The formula

DRACULA is a horror film made by a shrewd Englishman named James Carreras who seems to have cornered the world market in successful cinematic nausica.

"We've found a formula for spine-chillers that never misses" says Mr. Carreras. "All the other boys in the horror business are busy beating their brains out trying to think of new monstrosities to frighten their customers. Things from outer space. Creations from another world. Two-headed men. One-faced women."

"And what happens? The more horrible they make them, the more the film sells, yawn. That sort of thing doesn't make them shudder any longer."

But Carreras has found out what does. He builds his thrillers around ordinary people.

"You make the villain of your story look just like the good-looking man, or the pretty girl, you might see on the Underground any evening," he says.

"You imagine you could trust him anywhere. Then suddenly, when you find yourself alone with him—wham! he starts to do terrible, awful, gashly things."

In "Dracula" a terrified girl in a nightgown pleads with a gallible young man to help her. But the moment he puts a comforting arm around her and lets her sob on his shoulder she opens her mouth to reveal two white fangs which she plunges with a shriek of delight into his throat.

Another young girl also in a nightgown pretends to be a weak and sorrowful invalid. She finds, in fact, stopped right on her coffin, and what she is searching for is not sympathy but blood.

As for Count Dracula himself, he looks like a model for one of those Men of Distinction advertisements.

Then why am I revolted by this picture, if everyone looks so decent?

Because Mr. Carreras does not let them stay that way all the time. Every 15 minutes or so he makes them open their mouths and show their fangs and snarl. He smears their lips with copious dabs of blood.

Since they are all vampires, for this is a film version of Bram Stoker's old thriller about the blood-sucking Undead, he gives you a clinical view of the way to destroy them... and shows you Mr. Peter Cushing hammering a stake through their hearts.

He ends his film with the nastiest bit of it, Count Dracula, the Vampire-In-Chief, can only be wiped out by exposing him to the sight of a cross and the bright light of day.

So Mr. Cushing cuts a crucifix in front of him and lets the sun shine on him — and Dracula crumbles away, slowly, into phosphorescence before your eyes.

After this film was over I came out into the clean world again and saw Mr. Carreras waiting for me looking jubilant.

"This one will clean up," he said. "It's opening in Broadway next week and they'll love it. And do you know what we've got for them next? It's called 'Frankenstein's Return'."

"It's all about a dwarf who rescues Frankenstein from the gallows and in return undergoes an operation. Frankenstein transfers the dwarf's brain to the cadaver of a handsome young man, and the dwarf has a whole of a time making love to all the girls. Then, suddenly, he starts to atrophy...."

by Leonard Mosley

SHOWING **QUEENS** TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

Little Darling
Starring TING HOU · LIU CHUN
MANDARIN PRODUCTION

TO-MORROW: 5 SHOWS
Extra Performance of
"LITTLE DARLING" AT 11.30 A.M.

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STAR · METROPOLE
★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HE TURNED KILLER... for one day!
FRED MacMURRAY
JOAN WELDON
JOHN ERICSON
DAY OF THE BADMAN
ROBERT MIDDLETON · MARIE WINDSOR
EDGAR BUCHANAN · EDWARD FRANZ · SKIP HOMMER
CINEMASCOPE
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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AT METROPOLE FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS!

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Tyrono POWER · Kim NOVAK in
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CAUSEWAY BAY TEL-78371 KOWLOON TEL-8048-8049
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Thrilling exploits of the Underwater Demolition Team, up to now one of our country's most carefully guarded secrets.

UNDERWATER WARRIOR
DAN DAILEY · JAMES GREGORY
CLAUDE KELLY
CINEMASCOPE
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER At 12.00 noon **LIBERTY** At 12.30 p.m.
Marlon BRANDO Glenn Ford in
"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"
Howard KEEL in "JUPITER'S DARLING"

CAPITOL
SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FINAL TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHORT CUT TO HELL
TOMORROW MORNING SHOW
FRANK SPATZIA
DAVID GALTIERI
VINTON MASTERS
"THE JOKER IS WILD"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Black Magic Among The Skyscrapers

Barcelona—The Town Of Kidnapped Girls

By HENRY MACLENNON

SO many young ladies have been abducted here recently that a police official described Barcelona as the "town of the kidnapped girls."

More than 20 cases of abduction were reported in this northern coastal town of 500,000 during the past year and several recent affairs were strongly condemned by police and church authorities.

It is more or less a traditional procedure on the island to kidnap a girl and it is usually condemned on all sides providing

there are certain circumstances making it necessary and that the affair ends in marriage.

For instance if the parents of a young couple are poor and could not afford a dowry or the high costs of a reception, bride clothes and the honeymoon, then an "abduction" is arranged. In most cases parents of the couple connive in the affair.

Usually the mother of the girl accuses the boy of brutally abducting her darling daughter for a shady purpose and says he has ruined her life for ever afterwards.

ABDUCTION

In turn the father of the boy accuses the girl of entitling his beloved son into the abduction so that she, so the son foolishly believes, will not have her reputation stained.

No one is fooled and the neighbours gleefully follow developments waiting for the moment when the "insult" gets more personal and really becomes insults.

Things can then really get out of hand. Sometimes the girl ends up in a real street brawl with neighbours, finding sides just for the fun of it. This is the moment in the business when the police move in.

The police have probably "detained" the young couple by now because the girl's parents have charged the boy with abduction. The next step is to arrange a conciliatory meeting between the warring sides which is usually done by a priest or even the police.

Church bells are then rung and the boy and the girl are wed and there is no cost or loss of honour on either side.

ENDED BADLY

That is how most of the kidnapping end up. But four or five of the Barcelona affairs ended badly. Modern youth had not taken the parents into account at all.

There Barcelona youths are in jail awaiting trial on kidnapping charges. One of them had abducted a nine-year-old girl.

Another youth was actually captured by an outraged mother who was really outraged. She threw a bucket of hot water into the kidnapper's face to make him drop his daughter. She said later, "I was mad. There were all those men in the street and they just laughed."

She is planning on going back to Germany soon. There, she says, the men don't laugh at dumsoil in distress.—U.P.I.

Passion For Peppermints Was His Downfall

ERIC Davis was back in jail because of his passion for peppermints.

The "Peppermint Kid" never smoked or drank, but a large bag of peppermints was in his pocket on his safe cracking expeditions.

Davis, 33, got out of jail last November, after a seven-year sentence. He raided a Welsh Quarry and stole enough dynamite and detonators to blow hundreds of safes.

FOUR MONTHS

In four months he had cracked 13 safes and netted about \$2,000.

Peppermints ended it all.

Police found a bag of peppermints in a crashed car after an unsuccessful bank raid. They questioned Davis—who was sucking a peppermint.

They searched his briefcase and found two and a half pounds (weight) of dynamite, 47 detonators, and batteries. He admitted the robberies...

The judge at London's Old Bailey sent the Peppermint Kid back to jail for 12 years.—U.P.I.

Snails Make Mass Escape

Milan.

SEVERAL thousand snails on their way to a Swiss restaurant escaped from a railway freight car near here last week.

The train with a freight car full of boxes of snails stopped at a small station outside Milan and the snails crawled out of their nail-holes leaving a thick slime behind them which put railway workers on to their tracks. Only half of the consignment was recovered.—U.P.I.

What's Happened To British Chivalry?

They Just Looked And Laughed!

London.

INGA Schmidt will return to Germany, her dream of British chivalry shattered.

Inga, 22, was a damsel in distress last week and the "chivalrous" Englishmen who saw her, just looked, and laughed.

For more than an hour, Inga was marooned on a stone coping above an exclusive Knightsbridge square—wearing nothing but pink panties, a bra and a nylon wrist slip.

Church bells are then rung and the boy and the girl are wed and there is no cost or loss of honour on either side.

She ran upstairs, through a vacant apartment onto the balcony, and tried to lower herself to her own bedroom window.

She got as far as the coping stone above the window, and couldn't get any farther up or down.

PINK FACE

It took a woman to sympathise. The woman fetched a ladder and a ladder. Inga's face as pink as her panties climbed down the ladder and into her bedroom window.

She got as far as the coping stone above the window, and couldn't get any farther up or down.

LOCKED OUT

Inga had slipped out of her flat to look in her mail box for a letter from her boyfriend in Hamburg. The door snapped shut, locking her out.

She ran upstairs, through a vacant apartment onto the balcony, and tried to lower herself to her own bedroom window.

She got as far as the coping stone above the window, and couldn't get any farther up or down.

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She is planning on going back to Germany soon. There, she says, the men don't laugh at dumsoil in distress.—U.P.I.

PICKED WRONG PLACE FOR HONEYMOON

Naples.

Renato Mancini picked the wrong place for the first night of his honeymoon.

Mancini, 39, of Rome, was awakened in his hotel at 3 a.m. by police and arrested on an old theft charge for which he had been sentenced to absentia to eight months imprisonment.

A sharp-eyed police inspector remembered Mancini's name while going through the hotel registry.

Mancini, married the previous morning, was hauled off to prison leaving his tearful bride behind.—U.P.I.

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Police found a bag of peppermints in a crashed car after an unsuccessful bank raid. They questioned Davis—who was sucking a peppermint.

They searched his briefcase and found two and a half pounds (weight) of dynamite, 47 detonators, and batteries. He admitted the robberies...

The judge at London's Old Bailey sent the Peppermint Kid back to jail for 12 years.—U.P.I.

Witch Doctors Go Into The Mail Order Business

Salisbury, Voodoo incantations, dark rites and filthy-tasting medicines compounded of unspeakable ingredients flourish in the shadows of multi-storey skyscrapers in Salisbury, bustling capital of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

Attracted by the vast and quibbling audiences afforded by the masses of natives who throng the streets in search of work, the voodoo doctors have left their remote kraals and villages for the more modern—and profitable—surroundings of the "white man's" metropolis.

Working in the city streets, or in the native locations that surround it, they peddle their nostrums, potions, elixirs and talismans at prices ranging from one penny (for a headache-cure) to £10 (for the "full-treatment"—a spell that will ensure the purchasers life-long health and prosperity—and irresistible prowess with the opposite sex.)

Sacks of Money

He is a poor witch-doctor who makes less than £50 a week in this way in a country where natives are able to live on a wage of £20 a month. One "nganga," as witch-doctors are called locally, recently entered the offices of a motor trader and bought, for £1,200, a new van to bring in medicine from his kraal. He paid cash in threepenny and sixpenny coins carried in sacks by two helpers. It took the accounting staff of the firm two hours to check the amount.

"Ngangas" have even gone into the mail-order business. They have circulated catalogues offering to sent to anyone in the Federation such indispensable curiosities as "square of hairy hide of hyena" (1/-) "Tonny whiskers of Lyon" (2/- each), and "sainty-witch ointment of many fats" (at 1/- per jar).

But it would be wrong to dismiss the witch-doctors as mere exploiters of their ignorant followers. Some of their vegetable medicines, in use long before the white man came to the country, are still as effective as anything that can be turned out by European research laboratories. And their vegetable poisons are deadly and often untraceable.

It is perhaps fortunate that they choose instead to concentrate on relatively harmless mumbo-jumbo to gain their ends.

Useful Purpose

Says Doctor Michael Gelfand, the Salisbury physician and author: "The nganga fulfills a useful purpose in the life of the African. His real strength lies in the psychosomatic field, for by helping the individual to face the problems that confront all of us he is able to control many anxiety states."

"So until we have more doctors, nurses and clinics throughout the territory we should interfere as little as possible with the only medical aid which is within reach."

But perhaps the last word should be with one of the Africans themselves, an official of the African National Congress, who says: "I do not know what a European who criticizes African superstitions thinks about astrology and all its allied beliefs. Horoscopes and fortunetelling among European astrologers is a complete superstition in its highest form. Luck charts in which astrologers operate as a flourishing business in European countries are by no means different from the garden-boy's charm who tries to keep his job, a bossboy's wife tries to get promotion and a cleek's who tries to win a horse-race."—U.P.I.

50 Angry Men Seek The Film Hoaxer

London. HE walked into the local Labour Exchange and said: "I'm making a film. I want a large number of men as extras."

He gave his name as HITCHCOCK. The filming, "Mr. Hitchcock" explained to the exchange officials at Bexhill, Sussex, would take a fortnight.

Long wait

The men would receive £2 a day. He would be back for interviews at the week-end. The word went round. Interview day arrived: so did 50 would-be extras. They waited for an hour.

Then they were told: "There have been some difficulties. The film is held up for the time being and there are no jobs."

But, in fact, Mr. Hitchcock had disappeared.

One of the men hoping to earn £242 in a fortnight was Mr. Ernest Brown, of Sidley, Bexhill.

Really angry

He said: "About 50 of us were told there was a hold-up. That rather annoyed us. Since then we have heard it was all a hoax and we are really angry."

The manager of Bexhill Labour Exchange was on holiday, but his deputy said: "It is just one of those things. I cannot control or deny it. I do not wish to discuss it."

Said the area manager at Hastings: Mr. C. J. Phillips: "I do not know anything about it personally, but I have been told it happened. It is disgraceful."

Now the police have been told.

THE FOX HAD HIS REVENGE

London. A DYING fox cub wounded its attacker near Turro last week.

Michael Sarn, 20, blasted off one barrel of his shotgun at the cub. It fled, wounded, into a hole.

In a bid to get it out, he thrust the butt of his shotgun into the hole. It went off, peppering his arm with shot.

Sarn staggered across the feet of a local farmer, who following the blood trail back to the fox hole, pulled out the gun, and with it the dead cub.

Its paws were hooked around the trigger.—U.P.I.

Bald Twins Get Free World Trips

All they have to do is visit the 58 hair clinics owned by Indian Linn R. Akers.

Akers has sponsored their trip to back up his theory that baldness is not hereditary. One member of each set of twins will get the special Akers treatment, the other will not.

At the end of a year, 37-year-old Akers hopes, his will be sprouting thick and furiously full beards from the head of

the twin who has been following his treatment.

A spokesman for Akers said if the experiment proves to be a success "then, of course, the other twin will be given similar treatment."

From now until autumn another 40 sets of baldies from Scandinavia to the United States will leave home to follow the roads that lead to Rome and Mrs. Pandor.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Among the regular polo players at the Ham Polo Club, Petersham, are stage stars Jimmy Edwards and 23-year-old Peggy Walsh. They are seen here talking together before a match last week. —KEYSTONE.



RIGHT: Former British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill leaves the London home of his neighbour — sculptor Sir Jacob Epstein, right, last week after a first view of Epstein's model of the Earl Lloyd George memorial statue. The statue will stand in the inner lobby of the House of Commons.

BELOW: Here is the finest diamond to come to the London market in 30 years. The pear-shaped 35.73-carat stone was put up for sale at Christie's auctioneers by an anonymous woman. It was bought for £27,000 by London dealer Levi Cohen.



JAPANESE actress Yoko Tani arriving for the London premiere last Wednesday of the film "The Wind Cannot Read", in which she co-stars with Dirk Bogarde.



ABOVE: The Queen flicks away the rain from her eyes during the Trooping the Colour ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade which took place in a downpour. The colourful celebration, in honour of the Queen's Birthday, was very much dampened.



BLANCHE Patch, for 30 years the secretary of Bernard Shaw, once said that the playwright would turn in his grave if he could see what "My Fair Lady" had done to his "Pygmalion". But last Tuesday she was at Variety Club of Great Britain luncheon in London. She gave a silver heart to Julie Andrews, star of the show, in recognition of her "great services to the stage."



PRINCESS Margaret went to the Royal and Merchant Navies' Ball held recently at the Hurlingham Club in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. With her is the Mayor of Fulham.



BELOW: Last Wednesday was a busy day at Chartwell, Sir Winston Churchill's country home in Kent. First of all, Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, guests of the Churchills for the weekend, had to be seen off. That was 9.40 a.m. An hour later, over 3,000 persons arrived to see the Churchill gardens, open to the public for the first time at two shillings a head. Lady Churchill (right) is soon saying goodbye to Sir Anthony and Lady Eden.



DISCUSSING the London bus strike (now in its seventh week) in a cafe last week are these members of the London Busmen's negotiating Committee.



AT a children's party in Mansion House, London, last week, Countess Mountbatten is seen with Jennifer Fonseka of Ceylon, right, and 11-year-old Yasuko Masaki of Japan. The party was organised by the United Nations Children's Fund.



EXPRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

FIVE
FRUIT FLAVOURS

Introducing Another Hongkong Short Story Writer... Elizabeth Beachim

TURNABOUT

CATHRYN looked appreciatively at the solitaire diamond on the third finger of her left hand and gave a quick glance into the long glass of her dressing table. "I've changed," she thought, "I don't even look the same any more!" The girl facing her in the mirror wore a sheath of tangerine shantung; and she wondered if it were a little too bright, though on second thought, it did seem to reflect its colour in the highlights of her brown hair... and surely it did something to those ordinary hazel eyes. Anyhow it had taken time and care to choose this special dress for this very special occasion, so now it would have to do.

She glanced across at the worn travelling clock on her bedside table; it said 7.30, so she had fifteen minutes before she must go downstairs. "Funny," she said to herself, "that little clock has been with me for seven years, and travelled half way round the world with me!"

And a tremor of excitement passed through her body as she thought of her next journey. It seemed hardly believable that only three weeks ago she had lain in her bed in this very room, in a state of exasperated self-pity, sure that at twenty-seven, nothing exciting was ever going to happen to her again.

She'd been in Hongkong for six months, as governess and companion to elderly Jonathan and Kitty Stoner and their two small children. The Stoners were an Australian couple who had married late in life and were blissfully happy with their two children. Cathryn had met them whilst on a visit to her married sister in Sydney and had liked them at once. They were intrigued by Cathryn's enterprise and initiative in getting herself jobs of all kinds so that she could travel and see something of the world.

The salesgirl in the shoe store where she finally tracked down the kind of shoes she wanted, was friendly and helpful, and told her that new swim suits had come in that very day from America. Cathryn found a superb creation in deep turquoise blue which suited her and sent up the morale till she felt almost human. At least I don't look too bad, she'd thought, as she walked briskly toward Jimmy's Kitchen, where she had decided to lunch... get some decent French food there! With a spring in her step, she entered the restaurant. There didn't seem to be a table free, and such was the delicate state of her infidelity complex, that she had started to slink out, when a waiter touched her arm and said: "Here is a table Madame," and sure enough, a small table was at that moment vacated. She sat down thankfully, relieved, for even young feet get tired after walking on hot pavements for a few hours.

Nearby was another table, as small as her own, but occupied by a couple obviously absorbed in each other. The girl about her own age, pretty and animated and the man a little older, thin, bronzed, outdoor-looking, Cathryn watched them idly, feeling a slight pang at her own loneliness. Then she realized the girl was watching her, and suddenly, hand outstretched, smiling, she got up and came over to Cathryn. "Sure," she had said, "you must be Cathryn Weston. Your sister Jess is my best friend. You were due to arrive in Sydney just after I had left for Manila. I'm Brinda Forrest."

But Hongkong had been a disappointment to her. Kitty turned out to be a fussy over the children and so Cathryn had found herself very much tied and with little time to herself. The Stoners were a quiet couple, not given much to social life... an occasional, rather drab dinner party... and sometimes in the near distance... a man... but never under forty.

So, on that morning three weeks ago there'd been a bit of an edge to Cathryn's temper when she awoke on her day off, to find the peals drowned in mist; she'd lain there wondering what on earth was the matter with her or what was wrong with the world. This sort of thing had never happened to her before, always, wherever she'd been, she'd managed to have a good time. She got out of bed and had a look at herself... tallish... good figure, skin... alright... eyes a clear hazel... brown hair... nothing much wrong with hands and legs. Perhaps it's my mind, she thought, maybe I'm getting a little... a little older. For the line of her couldn't see that the level of her intelligence had changed. And she flung herself back on the bed feeling that the petulant twist of the mouth was fully justified.

She was bored. And the prospect of the day before her irritated and annoyed her. Shopping in the morning... a new pair of shoes and a swim suit... lunch... alone... then, to the recreation club to give the swim suit an airing. There'd be nobody there, of course, but a lot of screaming brats and their fond mamas, she had thought gloomily. And then a cinema or dinner: again, alone!

By the time her breakfast arrived she had wriggled up a beautiful chik on her shoulder and neither the peace of eating breakfast without the chatter of the children, nor the leisurely bath did anything to help. The chik went with her through the mist to the peak tram. She wondered why people raved about Hongkong. The Peak had been in the clouds for three weeks now... and it was too hot... and one never knew what to wear... and the tram was always full.

memory of her thoughts about Americans earlier that day. Rich, travelling for pleasure. He had discovered an old acquaintance in the American Consulate here, who was to be a witness at the wedding, how about Cathryn being the second witness?

Brenda was overjoyed at the news who could be better than her best friend's sister? Cathryn was pleased and excited, she anticipated Mrs Stoner's consent to this arrangement and whilst David went off on business of his own, she and Brenda descended upon Miss Brynley's "Gowns" and there, in less than an hour found the dress in ice blue lace which Brenda swore would be the perfect foil for the orchid pink which she had chosen for her wedding.

Cathryn had flushed with anger. How dare they, she'd thought. And pulled herself up with a jerk. "Good heavens, what is the matter with me. I'd better snap out of this, but quick!" As the tram rapidly descended the sun appeared and when she emerged at Garden Road, at least the sky smiled and cheered her up in spite of herself. She even gave a dollar to a beggar on Battery Path.

And that, she mused, was where the luck changed.

They found they had many tastes in common and when at last he delivered her to the Stoners' house, on the Peak, she was pleased when he said perhaps when the excitement of the wedding was over they might meet again. Just three weeks ago!

The wedding was successfully negotiated, Brenda and David went on their way to Japan; to combine a honeymoon with what remained of Brenda's business commitments. But that had really been the beginning for Cathryn.

Robert, for all his quiet approach, was thorough. He made a friend and ally of Kitty Stoner, and put his mind to courting Cathryn to such effect, that when he asked her to marry him a fortnight after their first meeting, she said yes, because there didn't seem to be any other answer. There was no young girl's dream of love. On Robert's part, it didn't seem to enter into it. Everything had happened so fast that she never really came to herself until one evening when they were all, the Stoners and Robert and herself sitting in the drawing room talking desultorily, half-listening to someone chatting humorously on the radio on "How to write the Great Novel."

Suddenly it came upon her that this was what she had been waiting for all her life. To be able to look across the room and see Robert's homely face, creased in an appreciative grin, and to know that for the rest of time, he would be there when she needed him. And that would be all the time.

All the time. She'd wanted to shout it aloud from the rooftops. Poor Robert had been shaken out of his usual calm by her response when he'd kissed her goodnight, that night.

She looked at the clock again. Must go down now. Guests would be arriving. One last look at the tangerine dress. Face alight. Hair... A few weeks now and she would be Mrs Robert. And then, Robert, a honeymoon in the United States, to be shown off to Robert's parents who would return to this island and make her home here. She looked out of the window; a beautiful evening, the Peak bathed in the glow of the setting sun.

No wonder people raved about the beauty of Hongkong.

ZANIES



PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace Thompson



Bobberry

This word means noise or fuss. Hobson Johnson derives it from the Anglo-Indian, Bobberry-Bob, an interjection. Bobberry-Bob is Hindi Bap-re Bap, O Father. The Indo-Portuguese variant of Bobberry is baba, which represents a sound similar to that of Leland's bobby, as in too much bobby, too much noise. Although he relates this form to bobberry, Leland translates it bubble, a healthy pearly of contamination. It is not true that "Chinese people cannot pronounce 'r-sounds'." What happens is that such sounds do not exist in some of the Southern languages of China and are replaced by l-sounds by some Southern Chinese when speaking languages such as English, French or Portuguese.

Hence, for example, our old friend fly like... Hono, too, Leland's spelling bobberry: This my old watche makes one little piece pidgin long-side you. 'Sp'you you cheatum, my make big bobbely wil you.' Hobson Johnson quotes the following passage: "If an Hindoo was to see a house on fire, to receive a smart slap on the face, break a chine basin, cut his finger, see two Europeans boxing, or a sparrow shot, he would call out 'Ah-bobb-are!' Another passage where the expression is used in roughly the China coast sense is also printed in Hobson Johnson: "When the band struck up (my Arab) was much frightened, made bobberry, set his foot in a hole and nearly pitched me." This Anglo-Indian reference is dated 1830.

Attempts have been made, none very convincing, to relate bobberry to Cantonese pa-pi.

Boilum

An old pidgin word for boil. Leland quotes: My boilum tea. The -um ending seems to be English him or 'im'. It has come to be the sign of the transitive verb in some pidgin languages.

Boy

Although I (and Mr. Muggeridge) have been abusing the Hongkong use of boy, I can't help remembering the French sarois has gone through a similar evolution and seems to give little offence.

Bright Sun

Leland says this was once the Canton pidgin for Chinese mung yet, tomorrow. I wonder if it has ever been used in Hongkong.

Bull-Chilo

Bull was so commonly used for servant in China Coast Pidgin that another term for physiological boy had to be found. Bull-child was an excellent choice. It could be understood without difficulty and differentiated neatly between the offspring of the master-race and of the natives in the same way as did macassary in the Deep South and still does in Lambeth between white and coloured.

Bull-child was becoming obsolete in Leland's day. I take it that it is never heard in Hongkong these days. Cowchild presumably vanished with it.

Bund

This is not a well-known Hongkong word but it was the Anglo-Indian name given to an artificial embankment, dam-dyke or causeway bordering the sea-front in many of the Treaty Ports. "A written in 1876 says... so I took a stroll on the 'Bund'." The word is Persian hand.

Hongkong's own word is of course Praia, which is the Portuguese prais, beach or seashore, as in the famous and beautiful Praia Grande in Macao.

Bunder

According to Leland a report, canard: a story which has obtained currency on the quay or bund. Is this word ever used in Hongkong? Has it ever been used?

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... I had escaped wolves, secret police... death
at a river... now I could only stand helpless...

THE needle-sharp teeth of a starving wolf-pack were eating into my flesh. In a few terrifying seconds I would be finished and I screamed for death to cut short the agony.

I had dodged death for hundreds of miles and now, as the fangs sank into my limbs, I was begging, pleading to die.

And yet, though I did not know it, I WAS SAFE.

True, I had plunged from a tree into the middle of a howling, snarling, wolf-pack. True, they had pounced.

But they had never reached me, my agony was all imagination, and yet no less real for all that.

It took the hunters who saved me ten minutes to convince me I wasn't dead. It took them 10 more minutes to convince me I was alive; then I stopped screaming.

So my great trek was to Then Kolkas said bluntly: "You're no Russian. Where are you from?"

I studied their blind, smiling faces. These men had saved my life, but they could turn me over to the police just as quickly. Indeed, they would make themselves criminals if they sheltered me.

In spite of this I decided they would not let me down.

"I am a German," I said quietly. "An escaped prisoner-of-war."

For a moment they said nothing, and I watched their eyes carefully.

Then Kolkas put his arm around my shoulder and said: "All right. We understand."

THE TRUTH

I looked dazed at the hunters who had saved my life.

The men were yellow-faced Yakuts—members of a nomad tribe roving the snow-covered Siberian plain.

The older man, who introduced himself as Kolkas and his companion as Alyosha, told me how they had been trailing the wolves for days and had arrived just as the pack pounced on me. Then he waited politely for me to speak.

I hesitated, wondering whether I should lie or whether I could trust them with the truth about myself.

Despite this, I began to feel secure for the first time in 18 months. I settled down com-

SHREWD

When Kolkas told them that he could not help them, they had said: "If you ever see him, let us know. We want that man."

The shrewd old warrior had probed them for further information. They told him they had heard about me from a bandit who had arrested me.

That could have been only one man... the man who had left me to die. He had given the police a full description of me in the hope that they would deal with him leniently.

But his treachery earned no reward. "They shot him," said Kolkas with a grin.

That gave me a feeling of savage satisfaction. But it didn't make my position any less precarious.

"I must leave you," I told Kolkas. "And the sooner the better."

The next day Kolkas gave me a leather shirt, a pair of long, supple boots and a new flint for my tinder box. Alyosha cut

EVIL SMELL

I even watched their babies being born in their smoke-filled, evil-smelling tents.

How these babies lived I shall never know. But live they did—dozens of them. The Yakuts practised polygamy, which would have shocked the bureaucrats of Moscow but seemed to work well in the Province of Yakutsk.

Despite this, I began to feel secure for the first time in 18 months. I settled down com-

FRONTIER

my hair and shaved off my beard.

friend who will warn you in good time of danger."

Then he handed me a fragment of mirror. I gazed into it and the Yakuts howled with laughter at my expression of pride.

I was gazing at the face of a total stranger. It was old and gaunt and pitted with suffering.

The women made me a sack from skins as thin as parchment and packed it with food.

Then Kolkas gave me some sound advice. "If people ask who you are," he said, "tell them you are a convict on your way back to work. They will sympathise with you and help you."

"Never say you are a free man—or you will find yourself bare."

FRONTIER

We agreed that I should make for the Mongolian frontier. Once

over that, and I might be free.

Early next morning Alyosha was ready with a sledge and 15 huskies to start me on my journey.

We travelled for two days, covering about 80 miles, and came to a river. The ice didn't seem thick enough to hold the weight of a man, let alone that of a loaded sledge, dogs and two men.

But we glided over it. And on the other bank, Alyosha said with a grin: "Now nobody can follow you. Nobody can cross that river—except a timber!

He handed me a pair of light hunter's skis, a present from Kolkas. Then he unshelved one of the leading dogs from the sledge.

"Kolkas wants you to have him," he said. "He says you must have someone to talk to, a

lumberjack. The men were decent fellows. Not only did they give me food and shelter, but they found jobs for Willem and me.

They persuaded the timber control officer to let us travel on a freight train as guards.

We reached a small village, surrounded by farms, and I broke into a store shed and stole enough food to last the work. They will sympathise with you and help you."

Life seemed almost comfortable—until I ran slap into trouble at a time when I least expected it.

I walked from a forest into a clearing and found myself surrounded by a bunch of swarthy, close-cropped lumberjacks.

I tried to walk past with a casual wave of my hand. But it was no good. The foreman shouted: "Halt! Where are you going?"

He had grown again and my hair was round my neck. I was like a scarecrow.

"You'd better come and have a wash. And a delousing too."

That saluted me fine. But I didn't know that a wash was going to bring me face to face with the M.V.D.—the dreaded secret police.

I saw the attendants watching me closely as I splashed around under the shower. I watched them whispering together as I dried myself.

And then I realised they were gazing at my scars... the scars

HE GUESSED

Cautiously I pulled open a wooden door and found myself face to face with a fat little man with an official air.

"Who are you?" he snapped. "Timber escort."

He studied me for a long time and I realised that I must have been worth studying. My clothes were ragged.

My beard had grown again and my hair was round my neck. I was like a scarecrow.

"You'd better come and have a wash. And a delousing too."

But those guards could scan the countryside for miles around. If one of them had turned field-glasses in our direction, he could have spotted us easily.

I hid until the sun went down.

The next morning we began walking parallel to those watch-

towers... I knew my only chance was to find a weak spot in the chain of posts and sneak across at night.

Eventually we came to a river which had to be crossed.

I made a raft of brushwood, put my clothes and rucksack on it and began to swim. Willem followed me, though obviously he thought I had gone mad.

Then as I reached mid-stream I saw to my horror that a steamer was nosing its way swiftly towards me!

It spotted me, tooted its siren and altered course to avoid me. And, as it swished past, about 200 passengers crowded the rail, cheering and hooting at the sight of a naked man struggling along with a dog and a raft.

I sank on the other bank exhausted. Later, while waiting for my clothes to dry, I caught a large fish. But I couldn't cook it, because I was afraid to light fire.

Instead, I tried to eat it raw, but it tasted terrible.

WATCH-TOWERS

Angrily I tossed it to Willem, who seemed to swallow it whole, his tall thumping the ground with pleasure.

On we walked... on and on and on. We came to a forest of firs, and as I ambled through them a strange peace stole over me. In a setting like that, danger simply could not exist.

And then I stepped out into a clearing-and-saw-three-watch-towers less than a stone's-throw away!

For a moment I could do nothing. I was paralysed with fear. I tried to move, but my legs were numb. I stood stock-still, helpless, vulnerable.

I saw the sentry on the nearest watch-tower straining his back, yawning and shuffling round.

Then he saw me and left his platform.

I found myself looking horrific straight into the barrel of his sub-machine-gun. He stood between me and freedom.

NEXT WEEK:

Willem saves my life—and is killed. An Armenian jew puts me in touch with an anti-Communist underground movement.

National TRANSISTOR RADIO

You ask for the Best

When you ask for NATIONAL



Ex-German officer Clemens Forell walked 8,000 miles to freedom after fleeing from a Russian slave camp in Siberia.

Wild animals, bandits, hunger, thirst and disease dogged his every step. But by an amazing feat he survived to tell the greatest real-life escape story of our time.

Clemens Forell's escape story is told by J. M. Bauer in "As Far as My Feet will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 15s).

By CLEMENS FORELL

I thanked them. But inside I was terrified. That train could deliver me right into the arms of the secret police.

The lumberjacks were decent fellows. Not only did they give me food and shelter, but they found jobs for Willem and me.

They persuaded the timber control officer to let us travel on a freight train as guards.

We reached across Siberia with plenty to eat and plenty of time to rest. When the freight train finally jerked to a stop I had leapt 800 miles to Ulan Ude, not far from the Mongolian border. Now I had to rely on bluff.

For five days we rambled across Siberia with plenty to eat and plenty of time to rest. When the freight train finally jerked to a stop I had leapt 800 miles to Ulan Ude, not far from the Mongolian border. Now I had to rely on bluff.

There he turned off and left me alone in the sandy waste. There was no sound, no sign of life, no indication whatever of where Kyakhta might be. I was hopelessly, utterly lost.

He was going in the general direction of Kyakhta, the town which was my next target, pounding in my brain. The next morning I hopped into a lorry—an ancient flat-trolley, driven by a Chinese.

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He was going in

Sensations Of Sport

THE BATTLE OF BERNE

THE Brazilian and Hungarian footballers faced each other across the dressing room table. The shattering of an electric lamp signalled the start of hostilities. And two of the finest attacking sides in the world went into action—with bottles, fists, and studded boots.

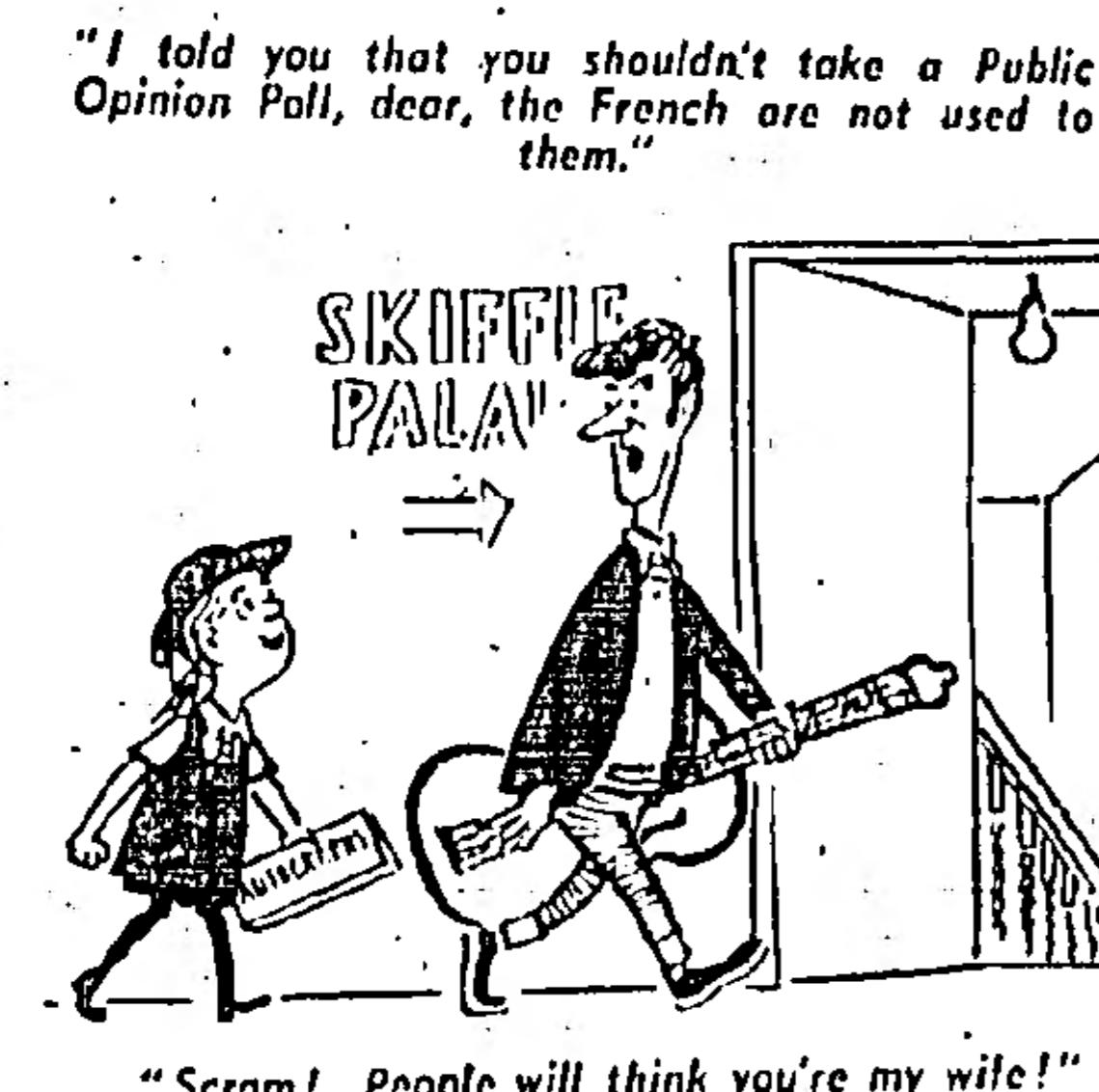
The date was June 27, 1954. The place: Wankdorf Stadium, Berne. The occasion: the quarter-final of the fifth World Soccer Cup between Brazil and Hungary.

At least, that's what the official programme said. It also said something about the value of this festival "in the service of international friendship."

But what the spectators saw on that ill-fated day in Switzerland seldom resembled world-class football, and never foreshadowed any international goodwill.

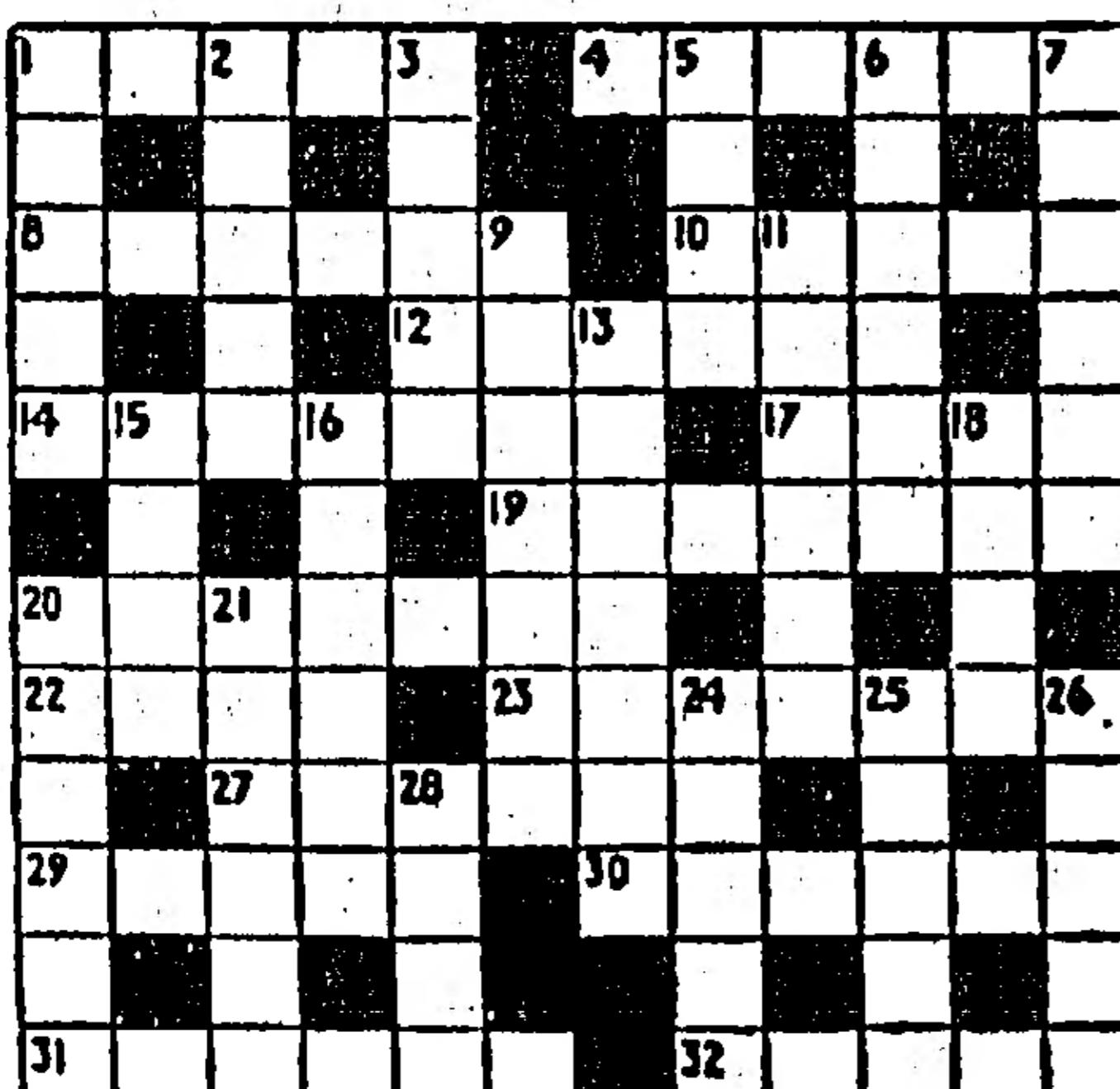
For this was the most shameful engagement in the history of soccer, a disgraceful exhibition of bad sportsmanship—The Battle of Berne.

And the players were not the only ones at fault. Hundreds of spectators and officials were also locked in savage combat after the game. Clothes were ripped, shins were kicked, jaws were punched—all because of the ill-feeling stirred up by this ferocious football match.



by Friell

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- Types (5).
- Trousers for the lazy? (6).
- One exuberantly frolicsome (6).
- Go on strike? (6).
- The logical see it, the crazy lose it (6).
- Here's something for your solvers! (7).
- Close in more than one sense (7).
- A big ship, the Bounty, it seems! (7).
- Downing Street puddling? (7).
- Dye plant (4).
- Cash! (7).
- Numbering of the people (6).
- Carmen, possibly (5).
- In the saddle in Yorkshire (6).
- Flipped a coin (6).
- Keen to agree, perhaps (5).

DOWN

- Make a legal addition? (3).
- Just a bit of cowboy fun (5).
- A beastly ill-natured sound (5).
- Girl in glasses (4).
- Heathen Oriental? (6).
- Uses the clippers (6).
- Old cops getting the spuds ready? (7).
- Monks of Genghis Khan's (6).
- He starts as a ship's officer, but gets no pay? (7).
- Horse or its colour (4).
- Not a particularly tender bird (6).
- Enchanted crawlers (4).
- Cut a caper? (6).
- Arm muscle (6).
- Not a direct remark? (6).
- Topping stuff for a cake (6).
- Logan upsets him (5).
- One gets it in the neck (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1. Tiller, 4. Major, 7. Tropical, 8. Larks, 9. Expert, 11. Earldom, 13. Ronders, 15. Celias, 16. Helle, 19. Conquest, 20. Ears, 21. Stewed. Down: 1. Tige, 3. Leme, 3. Reciter, 4. Miller, 5. Joy-blades, 6. Ronsons, 10. Pearles, 12. Ascents, 13. Rebate, 14. Elects, 16. In-use, 17. Sited.

By John Cottrell

The Teams Went Into Action
—With Fists, Bottles And
Studded Boots!

lost the trophy by only one point Uruguay. This time they would not go down without a really hard fight.

And a fight it was. Two penalties were awarded. Three players, including a Hungarian Member of Parliament, were sent off the field. Another player had his arm bitten by the British referee, Arthur Ellis.

The Brazilians began using rough tactics in the first minute of the match. The Hungarian centre-forward, Nandor Hidegkuti, had half his shorts torn away as he was held back by a Brazilian defender. And he was still playing in his brief underpants when he scored three minutes later from a corner-kick.

Hidegkuti soon made a second goal when, with slide-rule precision, he centred the ball for inside-right Sandor Kocsis to head into the net. Eight minutes of play, and Hungary already had a two-goal lead.

Now the battle was on in earnest. The Brazilians fought back to violently that Hungarian pugilists professors of football were goaded into retaliation. Cruel tackling and elbow-jabs became the order of the day. Finally, two of the greatest teams in the world submerged their superb artistry in harsh, rough-house tactics.

The first penalty was awarded in the twentieth minute when Brazilian centre-forward Indio was felled by the Hungarian left-back Duzansky. D. Santos took the kick for Brazil and made the score 2-1.

The second penalty came fifteen minutes after half-time, when the Brazilian centre-half, Pinheiro, intercepted a centre to Kocsis—with his hand. Santos converted the ball into the net. Hungary led 3-1.

The Hungarians seemed safe enough now as the two teams fought in the slanting evening rain. But the battle flared anew when Jullnho, the speedy Brazilian left-winger, banged in a 20-yard shot to make it 3-2. Twenty minutes from the end, two players started fighting—Brazil's giant full-back, D. Santos, and the Hungarian Captain, right-half, and M.P., Jozsef Borsik. They refused to end their private war, so referee Ellis gave them their marching orders.

It was the first time any player had been sent off in this World Cup series.

Hungary were now virtually a nine-man team, for their outside-left, J. Toth, had been reduced to a walking pace by a pulled muscle.

With only ten minutes left, Brazil came near to levelling the scores as inside-right Didi and outside-right Maurinho clashed the Hungarian goalposts with successive shots.

Four minutes from the end, and it became nine-side again. Borsik, Humberto, the Brazilian full-right, was sent off for an outrageous foul against full-back Buzansky.

Humberto sank to his knees, pleading to be allowed to stay in the game. And when Ellis insisted on his going, he walked off slowly, with tears streaming down his face.

The tackling became really ferocious now; football was a secondary consideration. Yet Hungary, with only three forwards (their centre-forward had moved to right-half), managed to stage a brilliant finish.

With three minutes' play left, Hidegkuti sent Czibor away on the right and, once again, Kocsis' head was in front of goal to do its deadly accurate work.

Hungary had won. And the Brazilian goalkeeper—beaten for the fourth time—wept against the goalpost.

The final whistle marked the end of a fight between 22 men—and the beginning of one between hundreds.

Violence followed several nasty incidents. A Brazilian player struck a Hungarian player who tried to shake hands with him after the match. Then a Brazilian reserve player ran on to the field and attacked two policemen who tried to escort him off.

Other Brazilians ran to rescue their compatriot. That was when the pitch became a battlefield for disorganized armies of spectators, photographers and scientists in green-uniformed Swiss Police-men.

Referee Ellis left the field with an escort of 20 policemen. The two teams struggled through the melee—to resume the fight in the dressing rooms.

Holing had now spread to almost every corner of the Wankdorf Stadium. And as bottles and other missiles were hurled about, a call went out for police reinforcements.

The day after the match, bottles and boots were produced as exhibits when the disciplinary committee of the Federation of Football Associations met to discuss the incident.

After two days, the committee announced its findings. It condemned the two national associations concerned for "failing to prevent improper behaviour by the players." The cases of the three men sent off were referred to their respective associations for punishment.

Two days later, the World Cup committee met in Berne. It was expected they would bar Brazil from the next competition and ban several Hungarians from Cup games.

But, in the event, no action was taken. The difficulty was that any punishment would be much harder on Hungary, who were still in the competition.



Repeatedly—a favourite choice

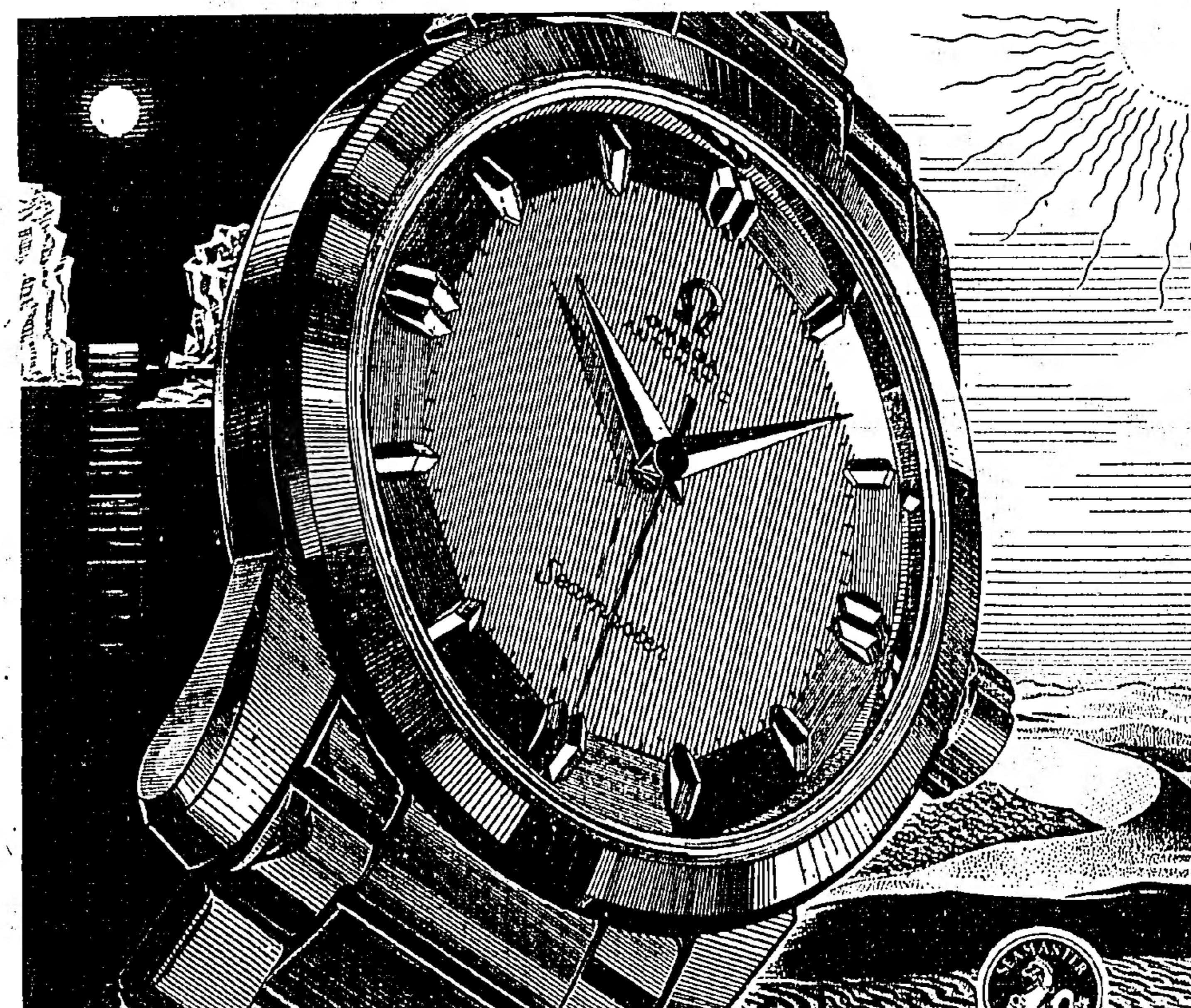
Enjoy Scotch at its very best by always asking for "Black & White". Its fine flavour is achieved by blending in the special "Black & White" way. Consistent quality ensures the same satisfaction and refreshment time after time.



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SCOTCH WHISKY
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By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
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The Olympic Cross

Only watch manufacturer to be honored with this distinguished award, Omega has timed the Olympic Games for over 25 years. Today Omega enjoys the implicit confidence of the international sports community when Olympic records and medals are at stake and time is reckoned in 10ths and 100ths of a second.

was commissioned to design a watch the soldiers, sailors and pilots of Britain could confidently take with them into combat. Restyled and reinforced for sports wear, this watch became the post-war Seamaster, since further strengthened and perfected and today the world's most popular sportswatch. Also battle tested, in submarine hulls and jet aircraft fuel tanks, is the sealing device which protects the Seamaster movement against water and condensation to a depth of two hundred feet.

Armored ruggedness and Omega precision—these make of the Seamaster a timepiece that has what it takes to share with you the zest of high adventure and the stresses and strains that go with it.

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OMEGA * **Theta**

84, Jardine House

Parliament's No Man's Land

DO YOU KNOW THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NARROW STRIP OF CARPET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS?

VISITORS to the British House of Commons often ask about the significance of a narrow pink strip of carpet in front of the first line of benches on both sides. The answer is quite simple. When the debate is in full blast no Socialist or Tory front bencher can advance beyond that warning strip. If he did he would be immediately called to order by Mr Speaker. In fact the space between the two strips is equivalent to no man's land.

The origin of this device is clear to all of us that the Minister's patience was at breaking point. Leaning across the Dispatch Box and fixing his gaze on Hugh Gaitskell he said: "The House may remember me saying of Mr. Gaitskell, not Karl, who said, 'Sir I never forget a face but I will make an exception in your case'."

Actually there was a moment recently when this long established rule might well have been useful. We were debating the bus strike with all its actual and potential dangers as well as its bad feeling. The Labour Opposition had moved a vote of censure on the Government for its failure to deal adequately or fairly with the demands of the transport workers, and the House was packed.

"The thrust raised a laugh but only for a moment. The Minister's anger showed that his jest was merely a prelude to something far removed from humour.

"Perhaps the House will permit me briefly one exception to this," he said, in reference to the Groucho Marx pronouncement. "However enigmatically I try to frame my words about criticism which has been made against me by Mr. Gaitskell, I am bound to say that I cannot conceal my scorn and contempt for the part that he played in this dispute."

There was a roar of anger from the Socialist benches and an even greater shout of approval from the Tories as Gaitskell's face flushed with anger. Mr Speaker, in his gown and wig, leaned forward as if to intervene but the Minister was obviously not to be silenced.

"We are having this debate today," Macleod rasped, "because Mr. Gaitskell, in a Parliamentary scene on Monday, could not control himself. I do not believe that the Leader of any other party would have allowed this particular debate to take place at the present time. But if the Opposition are to vote tonight in the Lobby let us be quite clear where censure in this

matter lies. Because of his refusal on Friday to say a single word that would uphold the authority of an arbitration award, because of his mischievous speech over the weekend, if we are to vote tonight then let the censure of the House be on Mr. Gaitskell tonight and from the country tomorrow."

Macleod was studying for the law when Hitler set the world on fire and he dropped his books and took up a rifle. From the fire he gained his commission and had risen to the rank of Major when he took part in the D-Day landing. He was wounded in 1940 but had returned to his unit.

He has described this scene at some length because Iain Macleod is one of those Tories whose political future is based entirely upon his own personality and not upon his school or his social background. He had the grace and self-satisfaction of the Elstons or Huxley. His father was a Scottish doctor who, in the grand tradition of his race, worked hard and spent little so that he could send his son to Cambridge.

But how, in the Conservative Party, does a man, without influence or the usual social background rise to the position in his Party that Macleod holds today? Nor is it likely that his climb will stop at his present post. Iain Macleod is just another example of a man who saw his opportunity and was ready for it.

It came one day in the 1951 Parliament when the Socialists were in power and Arthur Bevan, with his wife, was stricken with an illness that threatened paralysis. For months she was an invalid, confined to her home, and the flashing eyes of Iain Macleod were dimmed and shadowed. He had been given the toughest job in any Conservative Government—Minister of Labour and he spent his time between his heavy political tasks and being with his stricken wife. But the gods were kind. Mr. Macleod began a steady recovery and Iain plunged into the vortex of politics with renewed vigour.

Yet the same that centred on him after his pummelling of Arthur Bevan, with his highly developed sense of occasion, at his best. As he reached his position and saw the Socialists cheering themselves hoarse, but when it was seen that the next speaker was the almost unknown back bencher, Iain Macleod, the attendance slumped. As M.P.'s from both sides decided that it was time for that great English institution known as a cup of tea.

But the British Parliament possesses a psychic quality and the news began to spread that a chap named Macleod was making a remarkable speech. The tidings filtered to the smoking room, to the library and even to the Tannery. Soon the empty benches were packed with P.P.'s. In fact there was not sitting room for all the members, and it was literally a case of "Standing Room Only" and precious little of that. Even the peers heard about it and crowded the special bench in the gallery which is reserved for members of the House of Lords.

Yet Macleod had neither the ducal nor the voice of a magic portal of No. 10 Downing Street as its tenant. Yet he has voice was hard, rather metallic; the advantage of being mature and his round face and head without being a relic, for he is left no suggestion of aristocratic only 44.

There is a cynical saying that the Houses of Parliament are full of former, future Prime Ministers, and therefore, I must not venture on a prophecy that some

of them will rank high in what is sometimes called "The Nation's Talking Shop."

It was the basic decency of his character, plus his courage, that made him recent attack on Hugh Gaitskell so crushing. If Macleod had been no more than a brilliant debater his speech might have been regarded as fine Parliamentary performance.

No more, but character and sincerity still rank high in what

is sometimes called "The Nation's Talking Shop."

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Week-End Weather Forecast:
WARM and SUNNY

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 21

BORN today, you are one of those positive, rather aggressive individuals who always seems to be going somewhere. In hurry. You have a wealth of talent in a number of directions and, because of this, you must be highly selective. In your area of concentration, you are gifted in the creative arts, are imaginative and have a sense of drama and poetry. Yet you are essentially a "doer," not a dreamer. Unless some interest can be converted into a practical occupation, you are apt to drop it and go on to something else. Be careful that this habit doesn't make you a good starter—but one who rarely finishes the job!

You have intuitive powers which at times appear to border upon the psychic. Often you can give no reason for your decisions or offer explanations for your sudden actions. You seem to sense things. If you stick to your guns and are not dissuaded to do otherwise against your better judgment, you will find that you are usually right. You have a sharp sense of humour and a gift for mimicry. Highly critical of the foibles of others, you can sometimes hurt them by being too frank.

Although it might appear that your life would be an easy one, this may not be the case. There can be a series of alternating good and bad events which may leave you gasping. However, you have the happy faculty of being able to lurch on your feet and start right over again in your march toward success. Emotional by nature, you are affectionate and loving. Your marriage should be a happy one.

Among those born on this date were: Rockwell Kent, artist and illustrator; Martha Van Rensselaer, noted Cornell educator; Robert Nisbet, theologian and author; Martha Washington, wife of the first President; Henry Holden Husa, pianist and composer; Henry Guy Carlton, playwright; and Arnold Luchus Gesell, psychologist and pediatrician.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A fine day for a family outing, preferable at the seashore if you live nearby. Enjoy rest and relaxation.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A harmonious, pleasant day for everyone within the family circle. Forget tensions and work pleasantly together.

VIRO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Take time out to make important future plans. Vacation coming up? See that all arrangements are made.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This can be your happiest Sunday so far this month. Plan activities suitable to the day and enjoy yourself thoroughly.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Some special events can contribute immeasurably to your future welfare and happiness. Make plans now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Your health may need consideration now. Guard against any serious upset. Get some extra rest today.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22

BORN today, you have a dramatic imagination and can see the unusual, even in the ordinary, everyday affairs of living. Undoubtedly the stage will attract you either as a dramatist, in an acting role, on the producing end or as an observer! In fact, all of the arts appeal to your imagination and you may be proficient in more than one area of artistic expression. Your greatest need will be for narrowing down your interests so that you become proficient in one.

You have a serious case of "ticky-toes" and will enjoy travelling about your own country as well as in foreign lands. It is just possible that you will get this out of your system by middle life and then will settle down permanently in one spot. Just make sure that the one you wed likes being on the go as much as do you yourself. Otherwise you may find that your interests and eventually your lives—go off in separate directions.

You seem to have a gift for language and probably will become fluent in several. Since your gift for public speaking is outstanding, you will be one of those rare individuals who writes as well as he speaks—or vice versa. This is a happy combination and will make you popular wherever you go. You will make many acquaintances throughout the world, but it is likely that your circle of intimate associates will be small and a closely-knit one. Only those who can contribute something to the group are welcome.

Among those born on this date were: Sir Henry Rider Haggard, Konrad Bercovici and William Raine, authors; Arthur Gilman, educator and founder of Radcliffe College, and Francis Lathrop, artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 23

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A friendly contract may lead to making plans for a trip later in the summer. It could be fun!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Relax and restore physical and mental energies today. Get outdoors. Perhaps this is your vacation. Enjoy it.

VIRO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There is romance in the air, so be prepared to meet that "one and only." Keep any eye out, anyway!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A short trip, if the weather is fine, would fill up your energies. There are some busy days ahead for you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—There may be business affairs that need thoughtful consideration at this time. Be prepared to act later.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Select the best method for doing a job. Cut red tape today. Follow through with your regular routine. Avoid new projects until later.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Minor upsetting delays may cause trouble, so get on early and start on the day's work and errands.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Be careful when it comes to financial arrangements involving another. All parties concerned need to be watched.

TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 18)—Friction can cause a serious upset unless you are very careful.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Serving others today may bring a feeling of self-satisfaction. But first, make sure your masterpiece is wanted!

TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 18)—Don't complain about things as they are. If you don't like them, just set about correcting them.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Select the best method for doing a job. Cut red tape today. Follow through with your regular routine. Avoid new projects until later.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Not the time to force issues. Let things evolve naturally and take full advantage of the forward drift.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Be tactful and guard against impulsive action which can upset well-laid plans. Count to 10 if angry!

TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 18)—Hold to familiar routine for the best results. Postpone decisions on new matters until later.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—There are favourable aspects that need your planning out carefully ahead of time.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Avoid taking any health hazard today. Follow through with your regular routine. Avoid new projects until later.

And here, from the left, are some examples:

★ ★ ★

1 The baby doll sun-dress—so short that it is practically shirt and shorts. In red, yellow, or, newer still, black—the outstanding colour on Italian beaches this year. Price: £4.

2 The new craze for crochet in France has found its way to the beach. A sleeveless sweater—still the prettiest idea of all for the sun—in a sun-drenched tangerine with a stand-away collar, striped in white and black. Price: £5.

3 Drying-up shirt in striped terry towelling that's smart enough for drinks at the Casino after the beach. This year's colour for men: Costa Brava brown, with white stripes and white collar and cuffs.

4 Skin-nail—this one, from Switzerland, shows off a pretty figure. In lemon and orange, the wide straps shift about easily for avoiding zebra stripes. Price: £4.00.

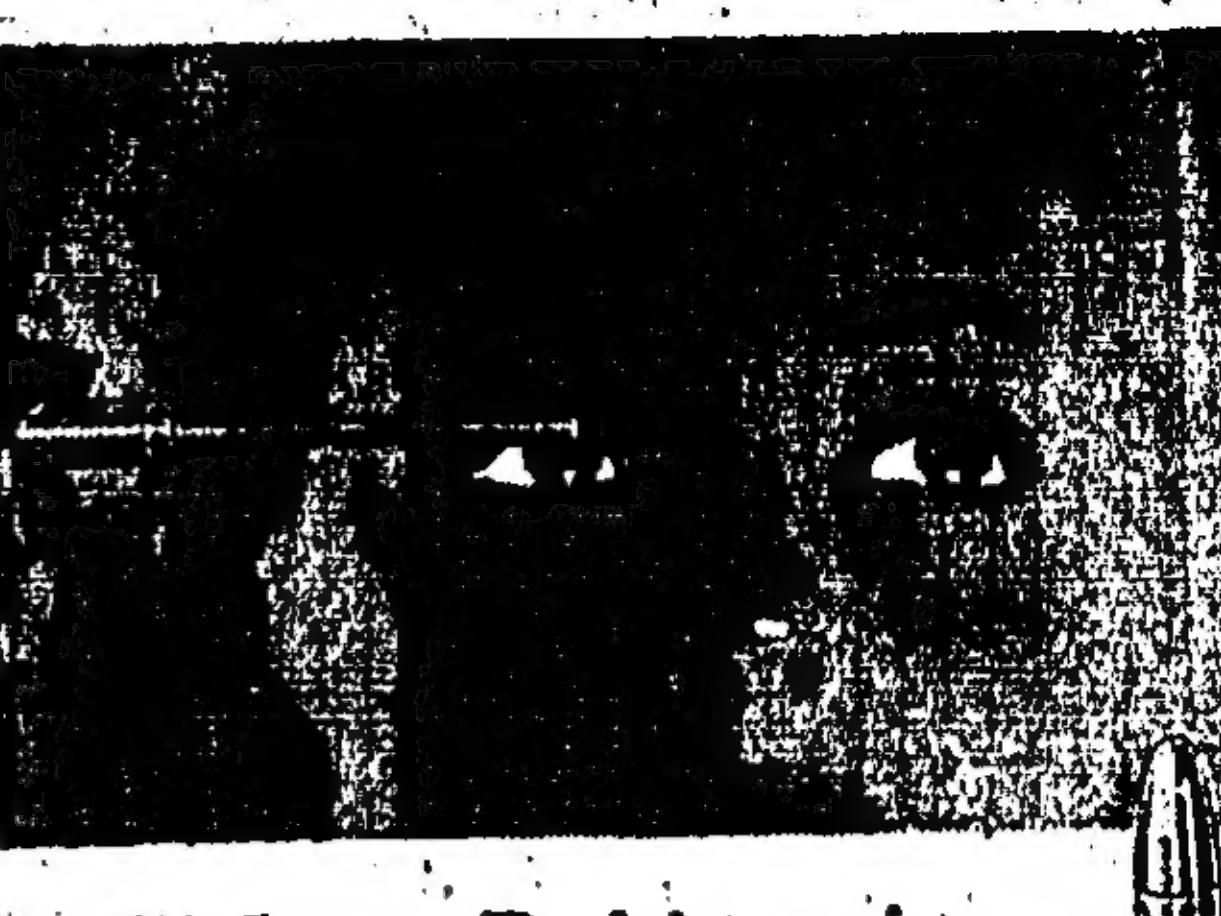
5 Now you see her—now you don't. The bikini girl has a complete cover-up—"blouson" that hides that first day cut-rightness, or shows off that fortnight's sunning. In jolly, gay print, the bikini fits like a good bikini should—and it ought to for £11 15s. the set.

6 Something absolutely new. Bright Italian blue poplin shirt—it's from a sort of heavy cotton cloth to give a more strolling-along-to-Portofino look with short shorts to match. Six guineas for the shirt, 7s. 6d. for the shorts.

7 Shirt and shorts to shock—them—in heavy striped cotton, in light tan, late tan and white. Price: 8s. 6d. the shirt, 7s. 6d. the shorts.

8 Short, shorter, shortest of all—the leggy look here is broken only by a brief bikini that narrows to just two inches at the sides. In zebra stripes, this sells to the serious swimmer and sunner for 3s.

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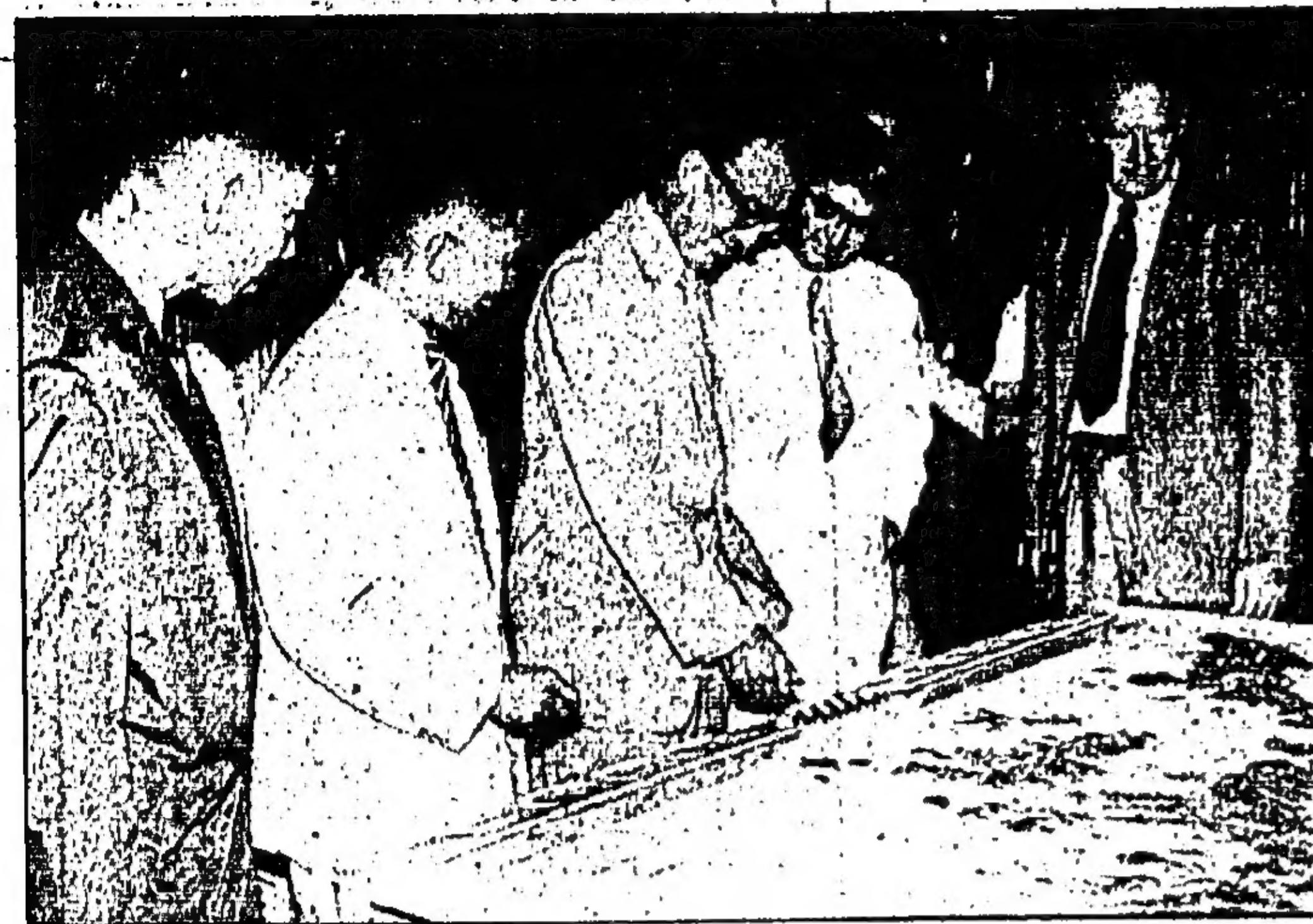


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ABOVE: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, examines a relief model of Hongkong, Kowloon and adjacent islands during a recent visit to the Hongkong Tourist Association Centre. He is flanked by (l-r) Mr Peter Tay, Mr Paul Tay, Mr W. G. C. Knowles and Major H. F. Stanley.

RIGHT: Mrs D. E. Greenfield (extreme left), Chairman of the Hongkong Council of Women, helps herself to curry at Wednesday's luncheon meeting of the group.

BELOW: Mr F. B. Fearon (right) of the Inland Revenue Department, eyes the silver tea set given him on the occasion of his pending retirement. Other retiring members of the Department, who also received mementoes, were (l-r) Mr Leung Tak-wa, Mr Lai Hon-cho and Mr Au Yeung-chong.



ABOVE: H. W. Forsyth (centre) receives the "A" Division Cup from Mrs F. E. Stock, wife of the Commodore of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club, during last Saturday's presentation of prizes at Kellet Island.

RIGHT: H. W. Forsyth (centre) receives the "A" Division Cup from Mrs F. E. Stock, wife of the Commodore of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club, during last Saturday's presentation of prizes at Kellet Island.



ABOVE: H. E. the Governor and Lady Black gave a tea party at Government House on Wednesday for the participants of the 6th Inter-Varsity Games between the Hongkong University and the University of Malaya. They are seen with Miss Barbara Black (right) greeting the guests.

LEFT: Four more refugees emigrated to the United States on the ss President Wilson last week. They are (l-r): Mr Yang Shing-kwo, Miss Chang Tze-pun, Miss Colcan Lok and Mr Victor Ho.



BELOW: A farewell party for Mr R. P. Moodie, Manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, who will retire shortly, was given at Maxim's on Monday by Mr Ho Tim, Chairman of the Chinese Gold and Silver Exchange Society. Pictured are: (l-r) the Hon. M. W. Turner, Mr Ho Tim and Mr Moodie.



Mr and Mrs Jeffrey Sun Hon-kuon after their wedding at St Paul's Church recently. The bride was the former Miss Patsy Sui Pak-chi.

—Edward Yick Photo.



MR and Mrs Mal-man Fong after their wedding at the Baptist Church, Sterling Road, last Saturday. The bride was the former Miss Hannah Sook-kee Mui.



THIRTY-SEVEN members of the Montgomery Tour, headed by Mrs G. J. Montgomery, wife of a U.S. Navy attorney in Manila, arrived last Saturday in the ss President Wilson. The group comprises wives and other dependents of U.S. servicemen.

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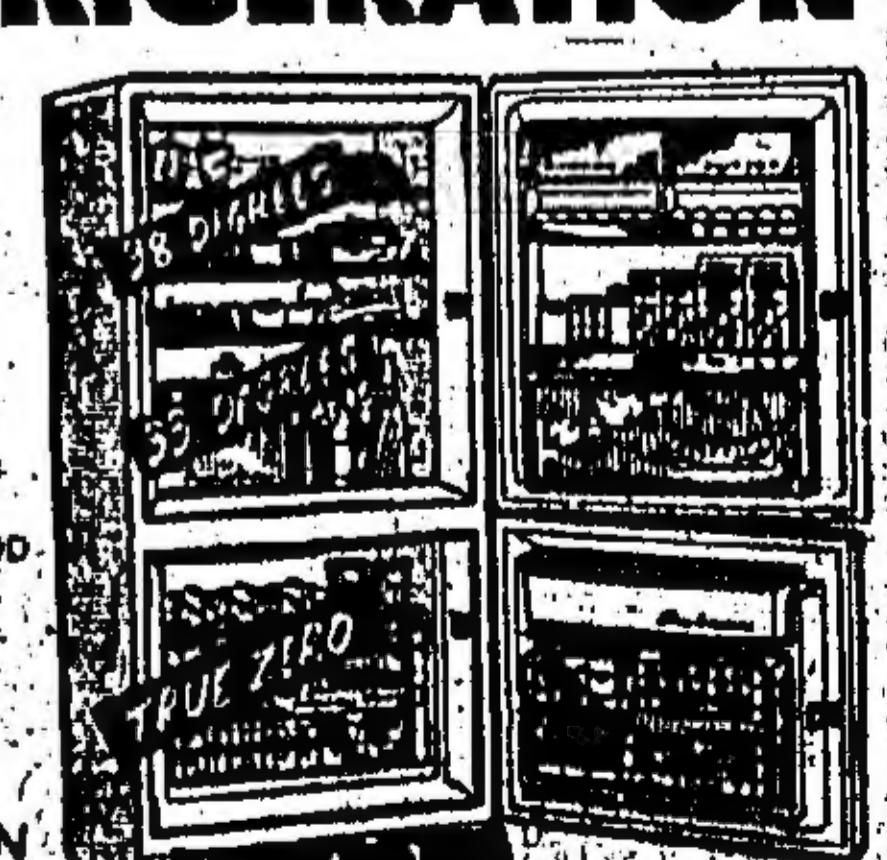
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GILMANS



ABOVE: A scene from the play "The Scholar and the Maid," presented by the nursing and general staff of the Grantham Training Hospital on the institution's first anniversary recently.

RIGHT: Mr. Wilson T. S. Wang of the Hongkong Jaycees lays the foundation stone of Peng Chau Island's first health clinic which is being built by the Jaycees and the Islanders' Resident Association.

BELOW: Some of the 61 guests who went on Cathay Pacific Airways' courtesy flight around Hongkong on Monday when the airline introduced its new DC-6B aircraft with a champagne and caviar airborne party. Flight stewardess June Rodrigues (back to camera) is seen serving a passenger.



ABOVE: Professor F. S. Drake (second from left) cuts the ribbon at the openings of the Seal Exhibition at the Hongkong Arts and Literature Control, Man Yee Building, on Monday. Chinese seals by Hongkong and Macao artists were put on display.

• • •

BELOW: The dragon's head on the bows of one of the boats that will take part in the annual Dragon Festival at Aberdeen this morning. Special "life-giving" ceremonies were held earlier this week when Taoist priests dabbed blood from freshly-killed roosters on the dragon heads.



THE Ladies' Recreation Club held a children's swimming gala at the Club's pool last Saturday. Splashing away merrily during one of the events are some of the competitors (above). Mrs G. P. Norton is seen at left presenting a prize to one of the winners.

BELOW: Three boys of the Printing Section of the St James' Settlement run the presses during the opening of the exhibition of the Settlement's activities which was opened at St John's Cathedral Hall on Tuesday.



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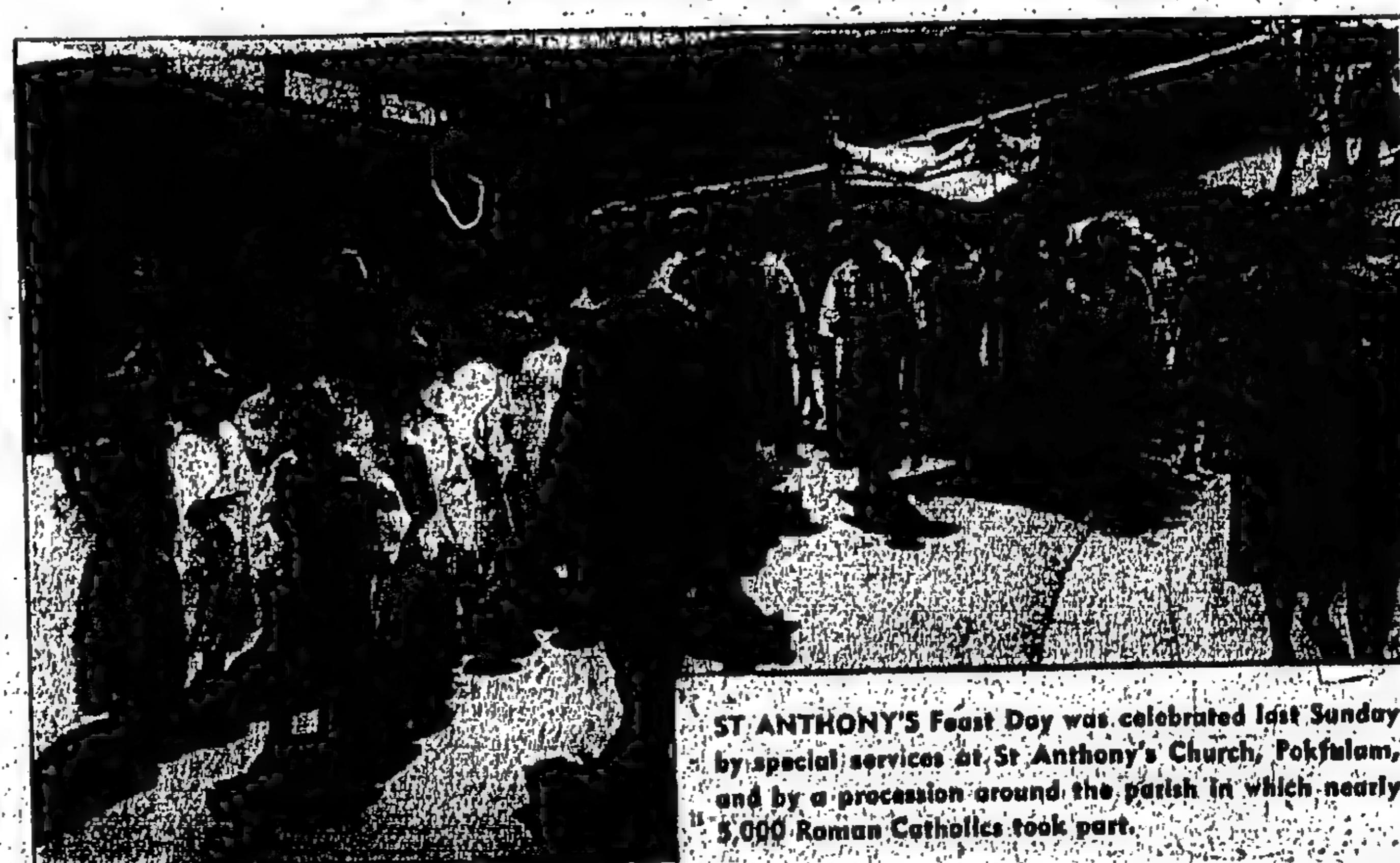
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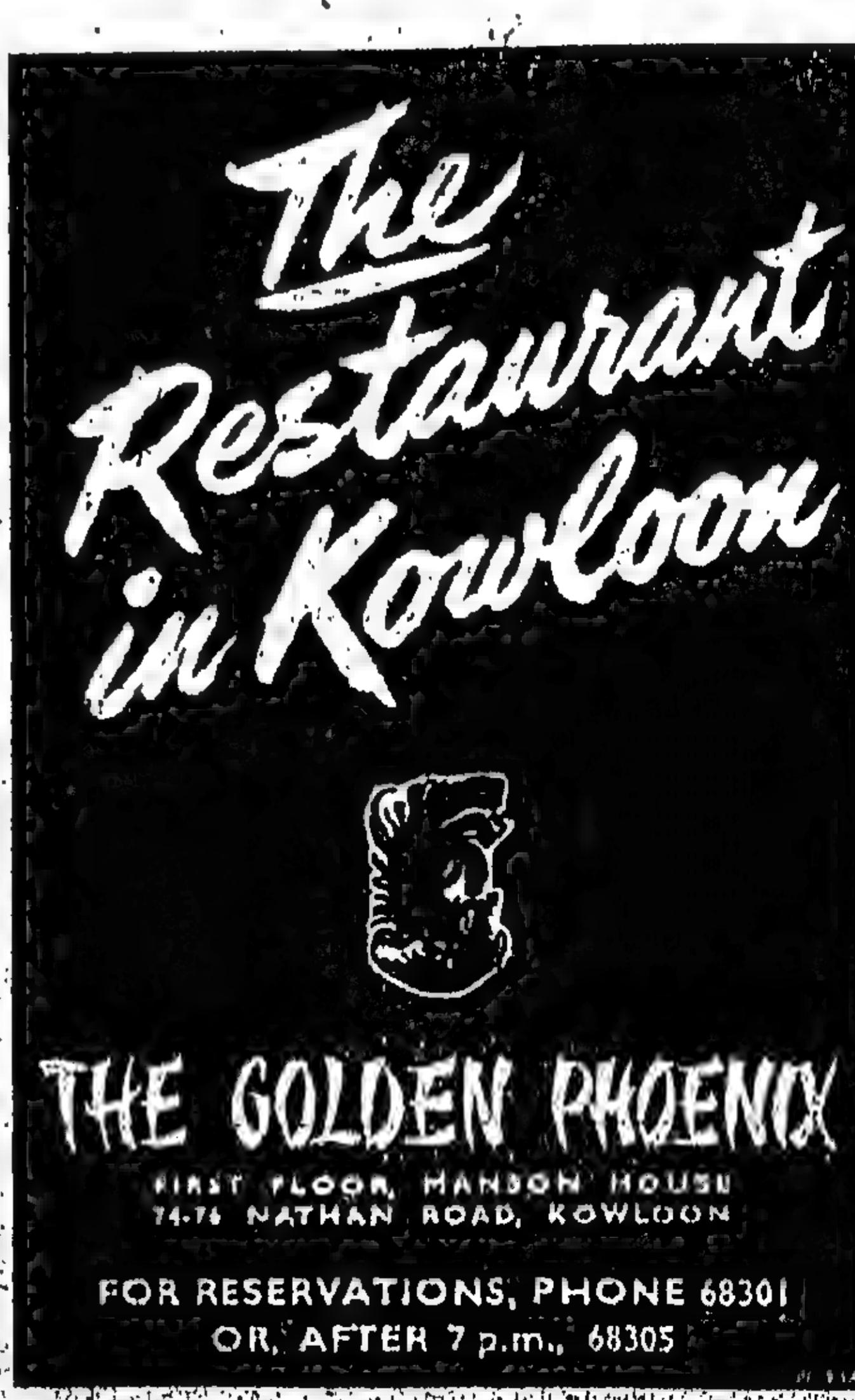


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PICTURES
BY
CHINA MAIL
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ST ANTHONY'S Feast Day was celebrated last Sunday by special services at St Anthony's Church, Pokfulam, and by a procession around the parish in which nearly 5,000 Roman Catholics took part.



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

by Anne
Glidewell

THE MAN who said all wives could save a day a week by more efficient working has proved it. He was challenged by Mrs Patricia Maddison, of Wolverhampton.

Time-and-motion study expert Kenneth Lindon-Travers has just spent a whole day with Mrs Maddison in her home, following her every chore with stopwatch.



The wife under a stop-watch

BELOW: The time-and-motion study expert Lindon-Travers (centre) and assistant Bill Port put the watch on Mrs. Patricia Maddison



Baby's First Years RECORD BOOK and The Lactogen MOTHER BOOK

THE LACTOGEN MOTHER BOOK is a 79 page publication with a commonsense approach to all the important aspects of Motherhood. Not only during the days of waiting but during the early months of life when there will be laid the foundation of a happy and healthy childhood. This publication covers such subjects as preparation for Motherhood, the premature baby, the first months, baby's routine. Artificial feeding, breast feeding, teething, minor ailments associated with infancy.

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N.L.P.M.-107

HERE is how Lindon-Travers and his assistant Bill Port created a day of leisure for 31-year-old Mrs Maddison. The Maddisons live in a modern three up and one down, easy to run, semi-detached house. Three children (Diana, 10, Christopher, seven, and Penny, six), go to school, come home for lunch, come home all day. The house is half an hour from the nearest shopping centre, 20 minutes from the bus route. Mrs Maddison copes, with a family wash for six without a washing machine.

First the house was measured up and an exact scale plan made. Then, stop-watches and charts at the ready, the experts shadowed Mrs Maddison at work for an eight-hour stretch. This was her routine:

9 a.m. Saw husband off to work, children off to school.

9.10. Started clearing breakfast table, washed up.

9.25. Upstairs to make beds, tidy and dust bedrooms.

9.30. Brushed down stairs.

9.45. Tidied, dusted, vacuumed living room.

10.20. Did daily washing (two girls' dresses, one boy's shirt, one pair of boy's trousers, one cardigan, five pairs of socks).

11. Tea break.

11.40. Started preparing lunch (shepherd's pie, cauliflower, rhubarb and custard).

11.55. Put grocery order away.

12.17 p.m. Laid table. 12.30. Children home from school.

12.40. Dished up lunch.

1.40. Played with Tony in garden.

2.24. Washed up lunch things.

2.40. Stoked up boiler.

2.45. Started ironing (four men's shirts, six pairs of pyjamas, seven pairs of pants, five vests, two tee shirts, six pillowcases, 18 handkerchiefs, one slip, one apron, one tea towel, two tablecloths).

4.0. Made batch of buns and currant cake.

4.47. Tea break.

4.55. Started preparing children's tea.

5.15. Suggest doing away with the butter altogether.

So quick

THIS was Ken Travers' general comment on the way she worked: "Mrs Maddison is a hard worker. And she's quick. I thought she was particularly good on the washing-up, which she did in a methodical, well-thought-out way, washing-up on to the left-hand draining-board, then rinsing the dishes and stacking them on the right.

Her ironing session was a marathon. She got through an enormous amount in 72 minutes.

The main fault in her house-work routine is not the way she works but the layout of her kitchen and the general lack of storage space in her home.

11.55. Put grocery order away.

"In the whole house, there are only three cupboards—a

wardrobe in the main bedroom, a small brush cupboard under the stairs and a china cupboard in the kitchen.

"During the day Mrs Maddison spent 60 per cent of her time in the kitchen. But the kitchen layout with three doors breaking up the wall space is frankly impossible.

"Although Mrs Maddison is slim, she only just manages to squeeze between the kitchen table and toolbox to get at her larder door. She badly needs some cupboards on the wall for storing dry goods and chinis and a continuous working surface round one corner of her kitchen with more cupboards below.

"I suggest doing away with the butter altogether."

Fatigue

HERE are some of his detailed comments on different jobs:

Bed making: Time spent: 8 minutes, 36 seconds. This included a considerable amount of unnecessary walking. Mrs Maddison walked 85ft, making the double bed when she need only have walked 24ft.

Mopping and dusting. Ineffec-

tive. Mrs Maddison hardly ever

shook her duster out and tended

to push the dust around rather

than mop it up.

Cleaning refuse. There was no refuse bin, so Mrs Maddison had to walk down the garden three times to throw potato and rhubarb peelings, etc., on the compost heap.

Food preparation. Carried out

on a table only 28 inches high,

which is six inches too low for anyone Mrs Maddison's height (5ft 2½in.). This caused her unnecessary fatigue.

She walked a quarter of a mile preparing lunch, a simple meal, simply because she kept her utensils in so many different places.

Clothes washing. Total time: 31 minutes 51 seconds. It would

save time if larger batches were

washed less frequently if

one load which resulted in

Mrs Maddison slowing up by

30 per cent after 45 minutes.

We suggest shorter sessions.

Saving

LINDON-TRIVERS praised Mrs Maddison for her hard work. But his (triumphant) general conclusion was this: "By improving the layout of her kitchen on the lines I have suggested and cutting down excess movement she could have saved 47 minutes on this day."

"She could easily save more time on other chores—and so the equivalent of a day each week."

Putting out her two weekly shopping trips with Tony in his pram and by getting her husband to take her shopping in the car on Saturday."

LAST WORD BY LINDON-TRIVERS: "This business of planning the household work isn't only a woman's problem. Husband could help enormously by seeing that their wives are properly equipped. Men might remember that investing in some labour-saving equipment is one way of getting out of the washing-up!"

Scampi Is Served In The Drawing Room

THIS week I have been lucky to find a woman who has some outstanding ideas on party-giving methods as well as good food.

Mrs Nuala Allason, wife of Lieut-Colonel James H. Allason, the Conservative candidate for Hemel Hempstead, is a devoted cook.

In her busy life she still finds time to attend cookery and demonstrations, tries out new ideas, changes dishes to suit herself, then writes them in her large thumb-index book as suitable for parties.

I met Mrs Allason in the gracious pine-panelled drawing-room of her beautiful early-Georgian house in Cheyne Walk.

Even, basting the ham with white wine.

"I like to serve my own version of Cumberland sauce with the ham. It is good, hot or cold."

Here is the recipe for the sauce:

Put into a saucepan half cup redcurrant jelly, half cup brown sugar, one tablespoon Worcester sauce, one tablespoon good stock or meat extract, one tablespoon chopped blanched almonds, a pinch of ground clove, one tablespoon orange peel in half-inch shreds, the juice of one to two oranges and half lemon."

Heat together until the jelly is melted. Add a glass of port. Blend one teaspoon cornflour with one tablespoon cold water. Stir into the sauce and boil up.

"Isn't that a lot more work?" I asked. "The drawing-room is on the floor above the dining-room."

"Isn't that a lot more work?" I asked. "The drawing-room is on the floor above the dining-room."

"Not at all, because here I serve such things as fried scampi, on sticks, with green mayonnaise, or decent-sized squares of smoked salmon, or shrimp croquettes, also on sticks."

"It is something, these days, to meet a woman who cooks everything herself and entertains every move she made."

A Spanish dish Mrs Allason is fond of is paella, made from rice, chicken and lobster. One is enough for six people.

"It is a wonderful party dish," said Mrs Allason. "I got the recipe from the cook of my hostess on a visit to Spain. I sat in the kitchen and watched every move she made."



Mrs. ALLASON . . . recipes into the party book.

THE MOSQUITO PROBLEM IS YOUR CONCERN, TOO

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

MOQUITOES are pretty much like the weather: everybody talks about them, but nobody does a great deal about them.

Oh, I know that many communities conduct extensive mosquito control programmes and many of these are highly successful. But—except for stamping out one of the pests who happens to be biting you. Most of you do little about ridding your own neighbourhood of these hungry insects. Mosquitoes are your enemies.

From May until about October they make things pretty annoying for almost everyone who ventures outside.

Stamp them out. Mosquitoes require water. Because of this, you should remove all rain barrels, stagnant pools, even tin cans from around your home. In short, get rid of anything that can collect water.

Although mosquitoes do not actually reproduce in shrubbery and tall grass, they frequently can be found nesting there.

SPRAY SCREENS

This will give the insects time to destroy the insects wherever they may be hiding.

A little thought early in the season will prevent a lot of annoying itching later on.

As an added precaution, you can spray the screens with aerosol such as DDT and pyrethrum.

These aerosols are also good for spraying the inside of the house. For best results, close all windows and doors tightly while you spray and keep them closed for about 15 minutes after you have finished the job.

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Roderick Mann

SHOW BUSINESS

MISS LOREN SAYS: I AM A WOMAN NOW



MISS LOREN: "Being a star is not important."

SOPHIA LOREN uncurled herself out of her car, took my hand, and led me through the Savoy foyer with all the enthusiasm of a newly trained guide dog. In the lift she said throatily: "I remember well. Last time we met I was in my pyjamas...."

The lift operator looked at me with new respect on hearing this. Being a sporting Neapolitan, Miss Loren tactfully omitted to add: "down at the studio."

In her suits she set me down at 20 paces and looked me over, as though I were something she had just bought and wasn't quite about.

Then she sat down and said: "What do you think of the new short skirt?"

"If you will stand up again," I said, "I will give you an opinion."

She stood up again. Her legs looked as if they had been poured into the nylons and she had said "when" at exactly the right time.

"In favour," I said.

... TODAY

"I sat up for nights at my home in Switzerland turning up all my skirts," she said. She glanced down in the mirror.

"Yes," she said smily, "today I am a woman."

"That sounds like the top half of an advertisement," I said. "What were you yesterday?"

She looked at me accusingly.

"You mean you haven't noticed?"

"Yesterday I was a girl."

Good for nothing but pin-ups. Women disliked me, and they were right. Their husbands came away from my home feeling: "I would hate it if my husband did that."

"Your husband's lucky," I said. "He can do his leering at home."

She thrust her magnificently cat-faced towards me.

"Today," she said, "I am a woman. Everything is different."

"Not from where I'm sitting," I said.

A LOT

In truth there is a lot in what she says. For Loren, one of the most dazzlingly attractive in the world, has attained fantastic maturity at the age of 22.

Indeed she makes actresses like Virginia McKenna, Maureen Swanson, and Dorothy Tutin—all four years older than she look by

comparison like refugees from a Princeton finishing school.

In getting from here to maturity, of course, Miss Loren has made some mediocre pictures. She is the first to admit it.

"Boy on a Dolphin, and Legend of the Lost were all mistakes," she said. "But... what does it matter? I do not take this business of stardom too seriously."

When I was in Hollywood recently Greta Garbo waltzed up in her life with me. She was wearing a big hat and dark spectacles. My maid said she wore them because she didn't nobody would know who she was. I could never be like that..."

She looked at me guiltily. "I should not have said that," she added. "That was beefy."

I HAVE PATIENCE

I told her she was forgotten, and asked her about her pinky ring.

Women disliked me, and they were right. Their husbands came away from my home feeling: "I would hate it if my husband did that."

"Your husband's lucky," I said. "He can do his leering at home."

She thrust her magnificently cat-faced towards me.

"Today," she said, "I am a woman. Everything is different."

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GOOD QUESTION

In truth there is a lot in what she says. For Loren, one of the most dazzlingly attractive in the world, has attained fantastic maturity at the age of 22.

Indeed she makes actresses like Virginia McKenna, Maureen Swanson, and Dorothy Tutin—all four years older than she look by

Laughton's magic still charms

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON must weigh a ton. When you see him on the stage this is the first and unforgettable fact you notice about an actor who has grown into a sort of legend.

It is 22 years since he played in the London theatre. Now, after *Henry VIII*, *Blith of the Bounty*, stories from America about Bible readings, and nostalgia for the kind of Shakespeare, he is back again.

It is almost three-quarters of an hour after the curtain goes up on his new play *The Party* that he comes on stage.

He manoeuvres his bulk carefully through the front door and into the hideous suburban living-room, and blinks. The smile on his lips, turtive and small, is almost hidden by the quivering jowls. He is grey and balding, and he shambles with the easy teddy-bear lightness of feet of the super heavyweight.

This, then, is Charles Laughton in the flesh. Man or monster? Actor or myth?

Compelling

It is too easy to dismiss this 50-year-old son of a Scarborough hotelier as "best quality Yorkshire hum." Everything about him has a feel of exaggeration, certainly: but it is not so much Laughton overplaying reality as being rather larger than life to start with.

And he has, indeed, a touch of magic about him. He can compel an audience. He can make it laugh. If he cannot—at any rate in this play—make it cry, he can still force its sympathy.

The Party has him as a chronic drunk whose sense of inferiority has driven him down the steep, undignified path to ridiculous failure.

His 16-year-old daughter, a snobbish little prig, refuses to have him at her birthday party. He will only disgrace her.

Relentless

She persuades her over-worked mother (Joyce Redman) to put off his return from the home he is in until the party is over. But Laughton arrives as the Chinese lanterns are being lit. And his daughter, with relentless cruelty, telephones her friends and puts them off as her father, miserable and humiliated, shuffles about.

This is another play about loneliness: about the need for everyone to have dreams in which they are kings and queens: about the gulf between parents and children.

Not a very good play, wending its suburban-intellectual way to an artificial, sentimental ending in which Laughton has his daughter cradled, forgiving and loving, in his ample lap.

But for a first play (by Jane Arden) nicely written.

And it is well played. By Ann Lynn, horribly right as the daughter; by Joyce Redman as the mother; by John Welsh as a lonely, hopeless lodger in the home. And—with bear shrugs and wild grimaces well under-control—by Laughton himself.

Clinical

GEORGE DILLON (Comedy) is the first play which came out of the John (Look Back in Anger) Osborne stable of modern, violent drama. And the last to be written in London.

It is far the best. Written in collaboration with Anthony Crichton, this is a slashing piece of cold surgery carried out on the lower middle classes and the pretensions of the would-be artist.

The artist—an unsuccessful actor-playwright—sponges on a kind-hearted, motherly woman and her family. The question is

—and it worries him too—whether he has in fact the talent to justify his way of life.

Or whether he has only the "symptoms of talent."

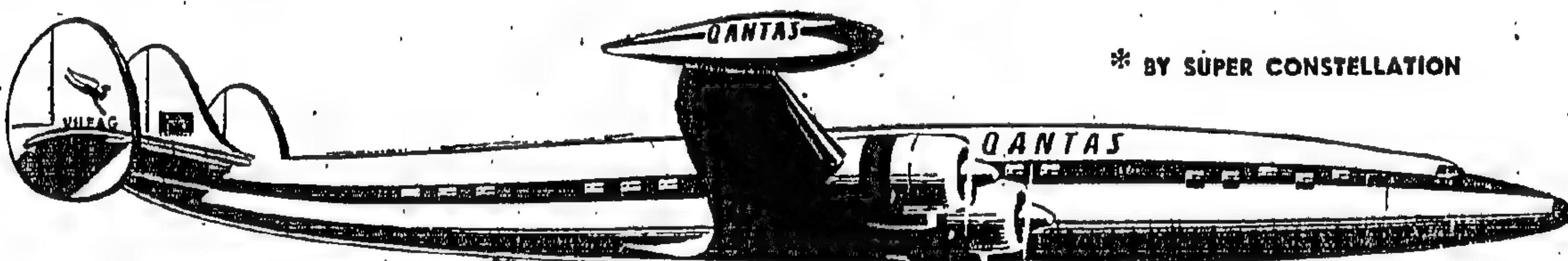
—(London Express Service).



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WAS SIR EDMUND IN THE RACKET?

I HAVE been investigating the tantalising case of the Ghost, the Forger, and the Lady from Texas. A case involving mass fraud; thefts from the British Museum; and the snapping and snarling of elderly scholars on both sides of the Atlantic. A case which could one day over-topple one of the biggest literary reputations of the modern age.

First let us deal with the Ghost. It is a very refined and respected ghost indeed; the ghost of a little, fragile man with glinting spectacles and bird-like voice. His name: Sir Edmund Gosse.

This week, 30 years after his death, Edmund Gosse would be in the news even if it wasn't for the case of forgery. For his greatest book—*FATHER AND SON* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.)—is republished for the first time in this decade.

Gosse's book describes his extraordinary life with Father, a member of the Plymouth Brethren. It is utterly candid, but full of a red, subtle humour too.

Take the incident of the Christmas pudding. Papa Gosse abandoned Christmas on religious grounds ("the very word is Posh," he explained).

He says strict orders that no difference whatever was to be made in meals on Christmas Day. But one year the Gosse servants made a secret piggy pudding and wheedled young Edmund into the kitchen for a bite.

Edmund got stomach-ache. Smitten by conscience he ran crying, "Oh, Papa, Papa, I have eaten of the flesh offered to idols!"

Gosse continues:—

"My father sternly said: 'Where is the arcana of the printing?' All the paths of evidence led to one man, Thomas J. Wise. He had his own printing done at the place in the Strand. Again and again he claimed to have changed upon the bogus volumes in bookshops.

He helped to sell them to American millionaires. And as each rare edition went up in price at the auctions, Wise or one of his friends 'somehow unearthed further copies.'

But how is Edmund Gosse involved in all this?

Ah, that is where the Lady from Texas comes in.

Take his encounter with the onion man. Lonely little Edmund used to watch with his face pressed against the window for this tall and pony fellow from Jersey to come striding along the London streets.

The man carried ropes of onions and cried raucously:—

"Here's your rope... To hang the Pope... And a pound of cheese to choke him."

Gosse writes:—

"My father did not eat onions but he encouraged this terrible fellow with his wild eyes and long stripe. . . . because of his kindly attitude towards the papacy and I used to watch him drift out of the front door, present his penny, and retire, graciously waving back the preferred onion."

AN AUTHORITY

Such was Edmund Gosse's childhood. The book ends with his break with his father's religion at the end of adolescence.

But the rest of Edmund's life was very different. Assiduously he cultivated the friendship of all the big poets and novelists of the time.

He was made Librarian of the House of Lords. His essays made him known as the big authority on books. He enjoyed good wine and the company of aristocratic ladies.

He was knighted by George V. When he died in 1928, society mourned: rich and titled men and women signed an appeal for a Gosse memorial.

Which brings me to the Forger in the case.

For one of the men who signed that appeal was Thomas J. Wise, soap merchant and book collector. Wise and Gosse had been bosom friends.

DISCOVERED

Together they searched Britain for rare books. Together they ransacked the papers of Algernon Swinburne when the tiddy poet died. But after Gosse's death an unparalleled scandal broke over the broad, gold-spectacled head of Thomas Wise.

Two scholars, John Carter and Graham Pollard, discovered that for years a forger had been at work in the book world. Dozens of bogus first editions had been fabricated and sold to rich collectors. Typical was the case of a precious volume of sonnets by Elizabeth Browning, printed privately in Reading in 1847.

Carter and Pollard examined the pages of the slender 1847 volume. They analysed the paper. They found that paper of that sort had not been manu-

Papa Gosse abominated Christmas... he stalked out and flung the 'idolatrous confectionery' into the ashes.



factured before 1874. They examined the type. They discovered that certain letters had not been cut before 1830.

They discovered that the volume had not been printed in Reading, but at a printer's in the Strand.

The scholars then turned to 50 other precious editions, of tattlers ranging from Tennyson to Dickens. They found that they were fakes: that almost all of them had been printed at the same printer's in the Strand.

THE EVIDENCE

Who had arranged for the printing? All the paths of evidence led to one man, Thomas J. Wise. He had his own printing done at the place in the Strand. Again and again he claimed to have changed upon the bogus volumes in bookshops.

He helped to sell them to American millionaires. And as each rare edition went up in price at the auctions, Wise or one of his friends 'somehow unearthed further copies.'

But how is Edmund Gosse involved in all this?

Ah, that is where the Lady from Texas comes in.

She is Miss Fannie Ratchford from the University of Texas. In the 1940's she took over the investigation where Carter and Pollard left off.

She relived on the role played by Gosse.

That role was most important in the year when Wise began his career of faking. At that

time everyone thought, quite rightly, that Elizabeth Browning's early love sonnets were first published in a collected edition in 1850. How could Wise get his bogus 1847 edition accepted? Out of the blue the

Browning—said Gosse's essay—deliberately asked his friend not to disclose the secret until after his death.

Who was this convenient friend of Browning's who reported in a conversation which never took place 'about an edition which never existed?' In later years (long before the Wise scandal broke, of course) Gosse admitted that he was the friend himself.

What was the explanation? Carter and Pollard exonerated Gosse from guilt. They suggested that Wise had somehow foisted him off with the false anecdote.

But the Lady from Texas was not satisfied. She pointed out

that Gosse stuck to his version of the anecdote all his life. And she pointed out a strange flaw in it.

Browning wrote openly about his most intimate affairs. Why should he ask Gosse not to mention the simple matter of an early edition until after his death?

Obviously it was a piece of mystification which Gosse had deliberately invented. Obviously Gosse was somehow trying to help Wise with his fraud.

Such was Fannie Ratchford's powerful case. Yet when she printed it in 1944 a load of abuse from bookish men descended on her head.

Why? During the week I met Miss Ratchford, who is visiting Britain for further research into the Wise affair.

AN UPSTART

In a South Kensington hotel we talked about the pages which Wise cut from old books at the British Museum, and which are now incorporated in volumes he sold to America.

We talked about his motive. Wise may have made about 100,000 dollars from the whole affair. Finally I asked her: "Why do you think you were so abused for blaming Gosse?"

Fannie Ratchford said: "Well, no one minded Wise being called a forger. You see, he was not an educated man; he was an upstart. But Gosse was Librarian of the House of Lords; he was knighted."

Fannie Ratchford sighed. She went on: "Now I've never thought a knight or a baronet was likely to be more honest than anyone else. 'Although—she waved a hand round at Kensington—"I seem to have got into a hole round them here."

From EDWINA—The Biography of the Countess Mountbatten, by Madeleine Masson (Hale, 21s.).

RECORD ROUND by RAMSDEN GREIG

Mr. WAYNE HERALDS A NEW LINE

The boy who takes over from Jerry Lee Lewis comes riding in without a gimmick



TERRY WAYNE
Wholesome as a bread ad.

In the curious accent of Tin Pan Alley, he said: "Boy, the day of the gimmicks is over. Gimmicks and stunts have got out of hand. Look what happens to the Jerry Lee Lewis gimmick of having a child wife. The kids were disgusted and sent Mr. Lewis packing."

Talent

"The situation which is about to obtain at any moment is that artists will have to forget about gimmicks and rely on talent. I tell you, boy, the teenagers are getting wired-up and will no longer fall for the phonies stories."

It country and Western is your kind of music. I recommend Mr. Wayne's latest Oh Lonesome Me (Columbia 78). His gimmickless treatment of the number is refreshing. On the other side you will find There's Only One of You, This is run-of-the-mill rock-a-billy.

Twenty-four years ago Louis Armstrong made his first European tour. When he got to Paris he recorded St. Louis Blues, Tiger Rag and On the Sunny Side of the Street. You'll find them on Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra (Fontana 46).

This vintage Satchmo is clean-as-a-whistle stuff and is a must for the collector of traditional jazz.

My Best Buy of the Week: Trumpet Blues (Nixa 78). Kenny Baker and Orchestra give a spirited rendering of the Harry James composition.

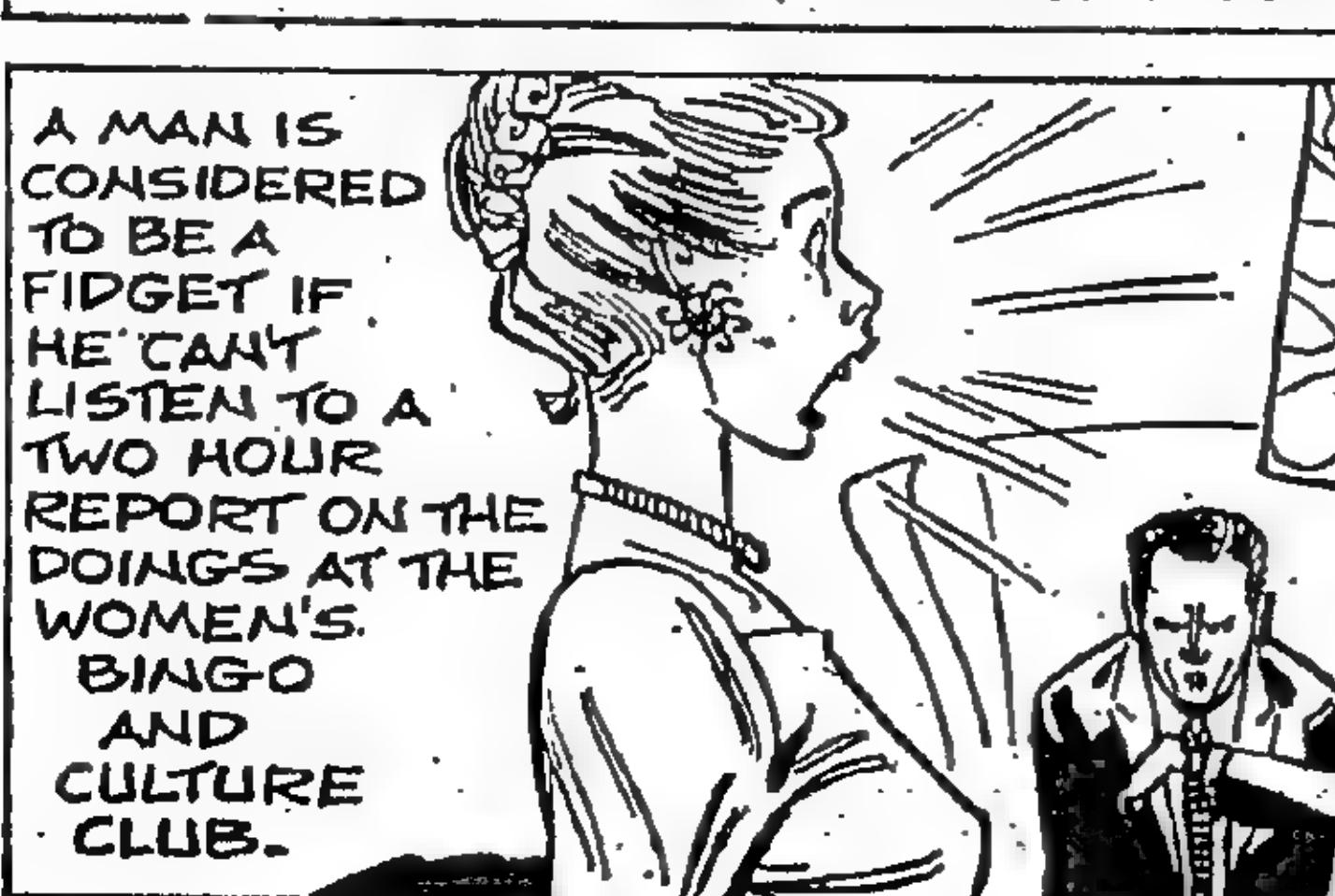
Equally energetic is the treatment given the flip-side number, Bachelor Non-Stop, a Kenny Baker original.

—(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



The Fidgets



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

JIMMY'S MODERN ELECTRIC MIRACLE

THE mower stopped, and Jimmy Nichols saw his father get down and stoop over something on the ground. "What's wrong, Dad?" he called, "Old mower break again?"

Jimmy, a sturdy Future Farmer of America, was licking up the hay, and thinking how badly they needed a combine. But he went over when his father called to see what was wrong.

Mr. Nichols turned his lean, tanned face toward his son.

"Look, I've partly destroyed a old duck's nest," he said sadly. "The eggs are still warm, but the mother duck will not come back to them again."

The nest, made of leaves and dry grass and lined with down, had been a comfortable place.

"Too bad," Jimmy sympathised. "Maybe Mother can think of some way to save the ducklings if we take the eggs to the house. I'll put them carefully in his hat."

But Mrs. Nichols, a bustling, merry woman, was not much help.

"None of my hens are acting now, son, and it wouldn't pay to run the incubator for just a few duck eggs that may not hatch. You might as well throw them away," she said.

Out on the back porch, Jimmy thought hard. He wanted to save the ducklings—but how?

He knew the eggs had to be kept warm and that they must be turned each day. He recalled hearing about people wearing eggs in a belt around their waists till they hatched, but for an active farm boy, that was impossible.

"Somewhere that they can be warm, not hot," he mused. Then he thought of just the place.

In the week that followed, Jimmy's mother remarked on how often he went to the basement. But he only smiled. He was reading about ducks in spare moments. He found that the mother duck promptly led them to water as soon as the ducklings could swim.

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stairs and stopped to listen. There was no doubt of it. The duck had hatched out.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols came hurrying down, asking, "What is it?"

"A modern miracle," Jimmy told them in awed tones, pointing.

"My electric skillet," Mrs. Nichols cried. "Then it wasn't stolen." She raised the lid to disclose three newly hatched ducklings and three very active eggs.

"And in just one week," Jimmy marveled. "That's modern science for you."

Mr. Nichols laughed. "That's a mother duck for you. She must have sat on those eggs for three weeks. But it does you credit, son. Did you remember to turn them?"

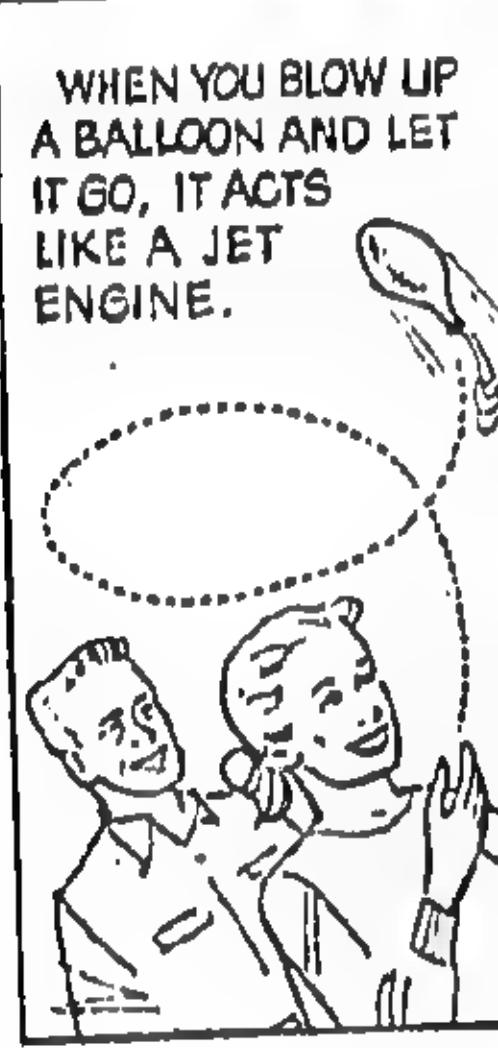
"Every single day, Dad."

Jimmy picked up a downy duckling. "And my work isn't over. Soon now I'll have to lead these web-feet to water. I distinctly heard something rustling in the basement."

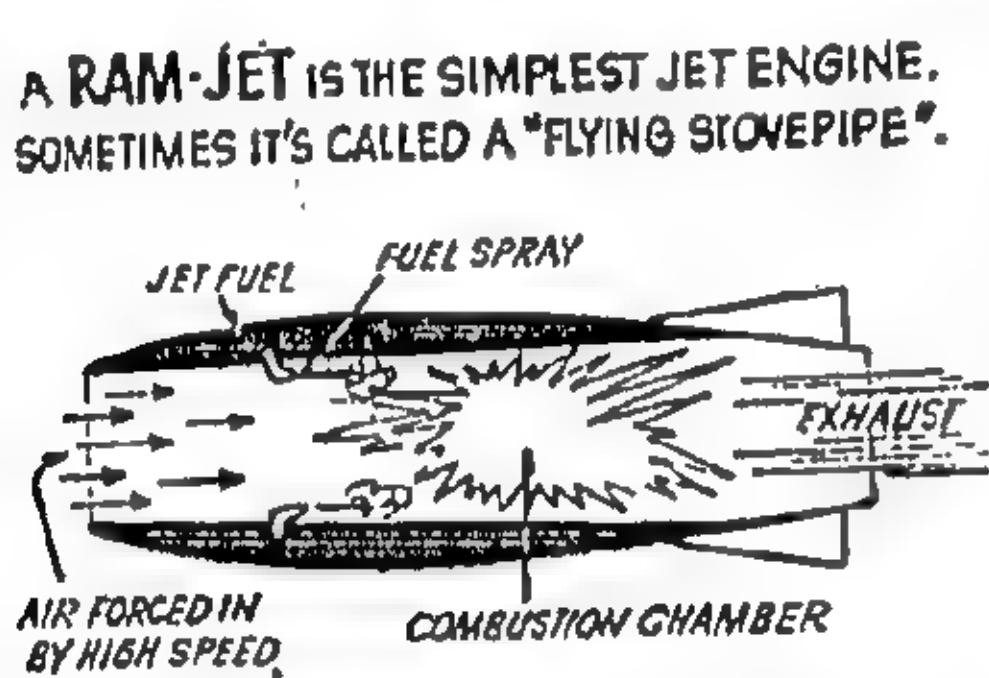
"What?" Jimmy shouted. He raced through the kitchen, plunged down the basement, and they swim easily before they can fly.

—M. S. SHELTON

HOW JET ENGINES OPERATE

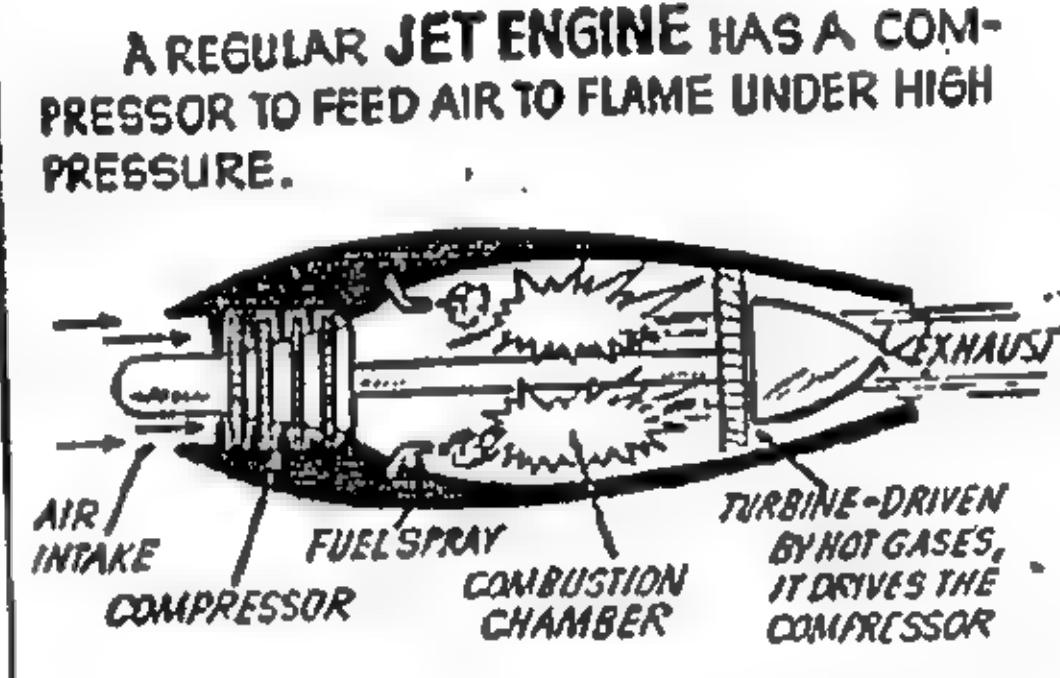


WHEN YOU BLOW UP A BALLOON AND LET IT GO, IT ACTS LIKE A JET ENGINE.



A RAM-JET IS THE SIMPLEST JET ENGINE. SOMETIMES IT'S CALLED A "FLYING STOVPIPE".

A RAM-JET CAN BE STARTED BY TOWING AT HIGH SPEED THEN IGNITING THE JET FUEL WITH AN ELECTRIC SPARK.



A REGULAR JET ENGINE HAS A COMPRESSOR TO FEED AIR TO FLAME UNDER HIGH PRESSURE.

EVEN REGULAR JET ENGINES ARE SIMPLE AND HAVE FAR FEWER MOVING PARTS THAN MOST OTHER ENGINES.

BILL ARTER

What To Look For In A Career

BECAUSE SO many fellows and girls I know are thinking about journalism as a career, I wrote to a top analyst, editor and author to find out what he could advise young people about such a career.

I chose H. V. Kaltenborn because he has received so many top-flight awards in journalism. They include the Gold Plaque for best foreign radio reporting (1938) and citations from the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University (1938), a Certificate of Merit from the National Federation of Press Women (1938) and many similar awards from other big and famous organisations.

He was very gracious in answering my inquiry. What



he said should, I think, be passed along to others. So here it is, quoted exactly from his letter:

"I have been interested in journalism from the time I was able to read and write. I began reporting local items for the Merrill Wis. News when I was 12 years old. Not long afterward I became a reporter on the Merrill Advocate and this was the real beginning of my journalistic career.

If you like your chosen career in that way, it usually follows that you are successful. And if you are successful the money angle usually takes care of itself.

I believe that unless a youngster has a keen interest in doing newspaper work, he

should not attempt it. It is a calling where the reward consists chiefly in the pleasure of the occupation."

In that respect, H. V. Kaltenborn concurs with many people in other fields when it comes to career choosing. They agree that you must like what you are doing so very much that you consider the pleasure of the work more important than what money you might be able to make at that job.

If you like your chosen career in that way, it usually follows that you are successful. And if you are successful the money angle usually takes care of itself.

One more word of advice... start on your career as early as possible.

—EVELYN WITTER

Jumbo Dominoes Are Fun To Make And Use

THEY are very simple to make and you don't have to have any special skills to turn out a first-rate job.

First, I went down to the owner of the neighbourhood fruit and they can be scraped off very easily. I scraped the labels off. If you wet the labels you will find

easily. It doesn't affect the final product.

Then cut out blocks of wood in the following dimensions with a small saw:

5½ inches in length

3 inches wide

Thickness of wood about ½ inch.

Sandpaper came next and every rough edge and surface of these blocks was smoothed off. Wrap a piece of sandpaper around a block of wood and you will find it very easy to use.

There are two ways of making the dots that appear on the surface of a domino. You must draw guide lines for them. So divide the block in half. Cut fine lines to show the two halves of each domino.

Now for the other way to make the dots: I bought a box of upholstery tacks. Then with an awl I made the guide holes. An upholstery tack was placed into position and hammered down. When you are finished you thus have the numbers on the face of each domino.

If you want to finish them off with varnish you can do so. Or you can paint them black.

JUMBO DOMINOS MADE FROM FRUIT BOXES



UPHOLSTERY TACKS



PUT A MARSHMALLOW

BESIDE THE RIGHT ELBOW OF EACH PLAYER.

EACH PLAYER TRIES TO KEEP

THE OTHER FROM EATING HIS MARSHMALLOW.

THIMBLE FULL

SEE WHO CAN

BE FIRST TO

FILL A CUP

WITH WATER

USING ONLY

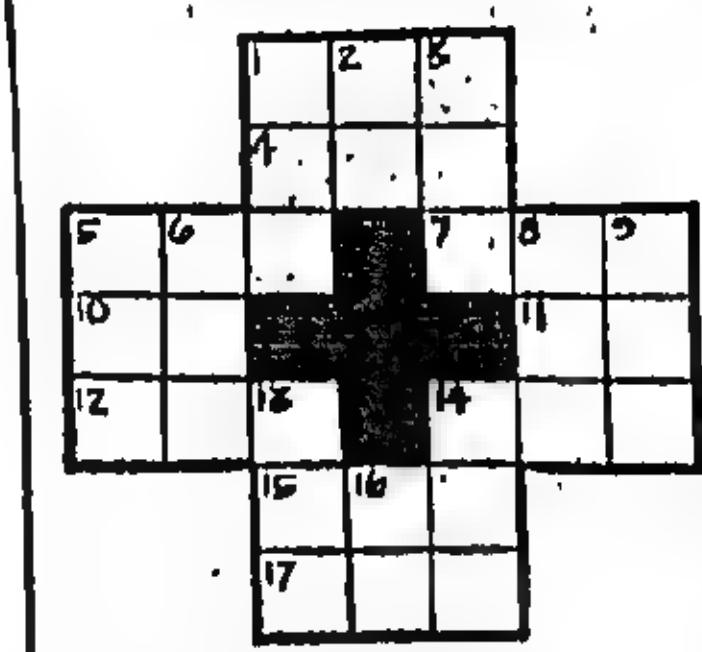
ATHIMBLE.

—HAROLD GLUCK

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

Variety Time on Puzzle Lane:

CROSSWORD



ACROSS
1 Baseball stick
4 First number
5 Body of water
7 Not old
10 Boy's nickname
11 Musical note
12 Used by golfer
14 Color
15 Birdie
17 Part of your foot

DOWN
1 Lad
2 American Navy (ab.)
3 Number
5 Wager
6 Lemon—stand
8 Before
9 Married
13 Do this to your food
14 Fish eggs
10 Accomplish

SOUND ALIKES

Missing words in Puzzle Pete's sentence sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you fill them in?

The carpenter — a hole through the —

WORD SQUARE

When you rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word, then rearrange the rows correctly, you'll find your answer reads the same down as across:



WORD CHAIN

Can you change SOFT to HARD in just five moves by changing only one letter at a time and having a good word on each change? Puzzle Pete says he changed F to R, S to P, O to A, T to D, and P to H.

TRIANGLE

EAGLETS provide a base for Puzzle Pete's word triangle. The second word is "an Eagle". The sun god"; third "a girl's nickname"; fourth "to state"; fifth "skirmish"; and sixth "to soften in temper". Complete the triangle from these clues:

E
A
G
L
E
T
H
EAGLETS

(Solutions on Page 20)

BRAIN TEASER

AT FIRST GLANCE, the words below seem a silly lot.

But on closer examination you will find each word can be identified as one of the objects in the second group. How many can you match?

1 Ring, 2 Pop, 3 Snap, 4 Crash, 5 Tap, 6 Boom, 7 Bang, 8 Bark, 9 Roll, 10 Crow, 11 Cracking, 12 Tick, 13 Grunt, 14 Toll, 15 Bell, 16 Tows.

a. Mitellid insect. b. Kind of fish. c. A faucet. d. Circuit of

metal. e. Crisp kind of roasted pork. f. Father's nickname. g. Wind pumping instrument. h. Kind of cookie. i. Payment for passing over a bridge. j. Bread bun. k. Heavy linen fabric. l. Part of a sailboat. m. Hair cut short across the front. n. A black bird. o. Covering of tree.

ANSWER: 1. a. 2. b. 3. c. 4. d. 5. e. 6. f. 7. g. 8. h. 9. i. 10. j. 11. k. 12. l. 13. m. 14. n. 15. o. 16. p.

17. q. 18. r. 19. s. 20. t. 21. u. 22. v. 23. w. 24. x. 25. y. 26. z.

1. a. 2. b. 3. c. 4. d. 5. e. 6. f. 7. g. 8. h. 9. i. 10. j. 11. k. 12. l. 13. m. 14. n. 15. o. 16. p. 17. q. 18. r. 19. s. 20. t. 21. u. 22. v. 23. w. 24. x. 25. y. 26. z.

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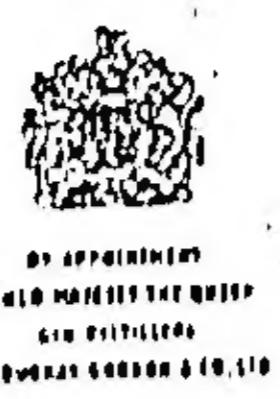
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1. a. 2. b. 3. c. 4. d. 5. e. 6. f. 7. g. 8. h. 9. i. 10. j. 11. k. 12. l. 13. m. 14. n. 15. o. 16. p. 17. q. 18. r. 19. s. 20. t. 21. u. 22. v. 23. w. 24. x. 25. y.

THIS is the Gin



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POP



Bonkers



DRAMA ON THE CENTRE COURT

They Battled Out Wimbledon's Longest Singles Match

By JOHN COTTRELL

It was almost nine o'clock. Shadows were lengthening over the deserted outer courts of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, where play had long since ended.

But on that warm June evening of 1953, the great bowl of the famous Centre Court was still packed with 18,000 enthralled spectators.

And no wonder. For the score board at that time read: J. Drobny v. B. Patty 8-6, 10-18, 8-6, 8-6, 5-6.

For almost four hours the crowd had been watching a fascinating duel in the sun between two of the greatest tennis artists of all time. They had seen the incredible Drobny save three match points in the fourth set. They had seen two supremely fit men fight on relentlessly until each step brought new pain to tired bodies.

It had become the longest, hardest-contested singles match in tennis history. But now, at last, the end seemed to be in sight. Drobny, the "Old Fox," was 15-10 down in the twelfth game of the fifth and final set.

Two more match points from Eugeé Patty. Only a miracle could save Drobny.

Drobny to serve. The vast arena was silent. A good service, a brief exchange, a mighty smash by Drobny, and it was 30-40. Another good service, a forced forehand error by Patty, and it was deuce.

Hold Their Breath

But now Drobny dropped a vital point to give Patty his sixth match point. As he served again, the spectators held their breath. Could he escape once more?

A sizzling service ace gave them the answer. The "Old Fox" won that critical game. And so the struggle went on, game with service, until it was 10 games-all.

By now, after 91 games, it seemed that the match must be decided on stamina, rather than skill. Both players were desperately tired and suffering from cramp.

Drobny, 31 years old, kept his muscles working by sprinting

SPORTS QUIZ ON WIMBLEDON

1. Who are the reigning men's and women's singles champions?
2. Which country has won most men's singles titles since the war?
3. Who has won the most singles titles in Wimbledon history?
4. From 1924-29, France won six successive men's singles titles. Name the three players who achieved this.
5. What distinction does Spencer Gore hold?
6. Who was the last player to successfully defend the men's singles championship?
7. Name the partnership which has won five women's doubles titles since the war.
8. Three men have twice been runners-up in the singles championship since the war. Names, please.
9. Who made three successive post-war visits to Wimbledon and won three singles titles?
10. Who were (a) Big Bill (b) The Bounding Basque (c) The Pavlova of the Court?

(Answers on Page 19)

BUDGE PATTY

at 10 games-all the Championship Referee, Colonel John Legg, ruled that the match would be stopped for the day at 11 games-all.

But that score was never reached. Before them Drobny snatched Patty's service and, holding his own service, went on to take the set 12-10. He won the match four hours and fifteen minutes after it began.

The two weary men made one more journey to the net to shake hands and the crowd stood and cheered them for a full five minutes.

Both had fought heroically. For while Drobny had saved six match points, Patty had made a magnificent recovery in that long second set. He had saved set points in the 29th and 31st games, and had taken the set 18-16 with a beautifully stroked cross-court backhand volley that even Drobny could only stand and admire.

How closely the match was contested is shown in the statistics. Drobny won 47 games, only one more than Patty. And Patty won 304 points, three more than Drobny.

Two Explanations

There are two explanations of this fantastic marathon. As old rivals, they had an intimate knowledge of each other's game, and they were extremely well balanced with their opposite styles and temperaments.

American-born Patty was a tall, slim and elegant boulevardier from Paris, a devastating volleyer, and a right-handed stroke-player of magnificent finesse.

Czech-born Drobny was squarely-built, bespectacled and left-handed, a power player, especially strong in service and forehand drive.

The Duchess of Kent, as President of the All-England Club, presented Drobny a non-smoker and Patty with a silver cigarette case. And soon after, Drobny received Home Office permission to reside permanently in Britain.

The Czech-born exile with

Egyptian nationality stayed on

to fight—and win—another day at Wimbledon.

In the following year, Drobny, once ballboy to such stars as Cochet, Borotra, Perry, and Tilden, joined them as a Wimbledon champion.

Today, the Patty-Drobny duel

still stands as the longest

singles match in Wimbledon

history. But 93 games is no

longer a world record for a

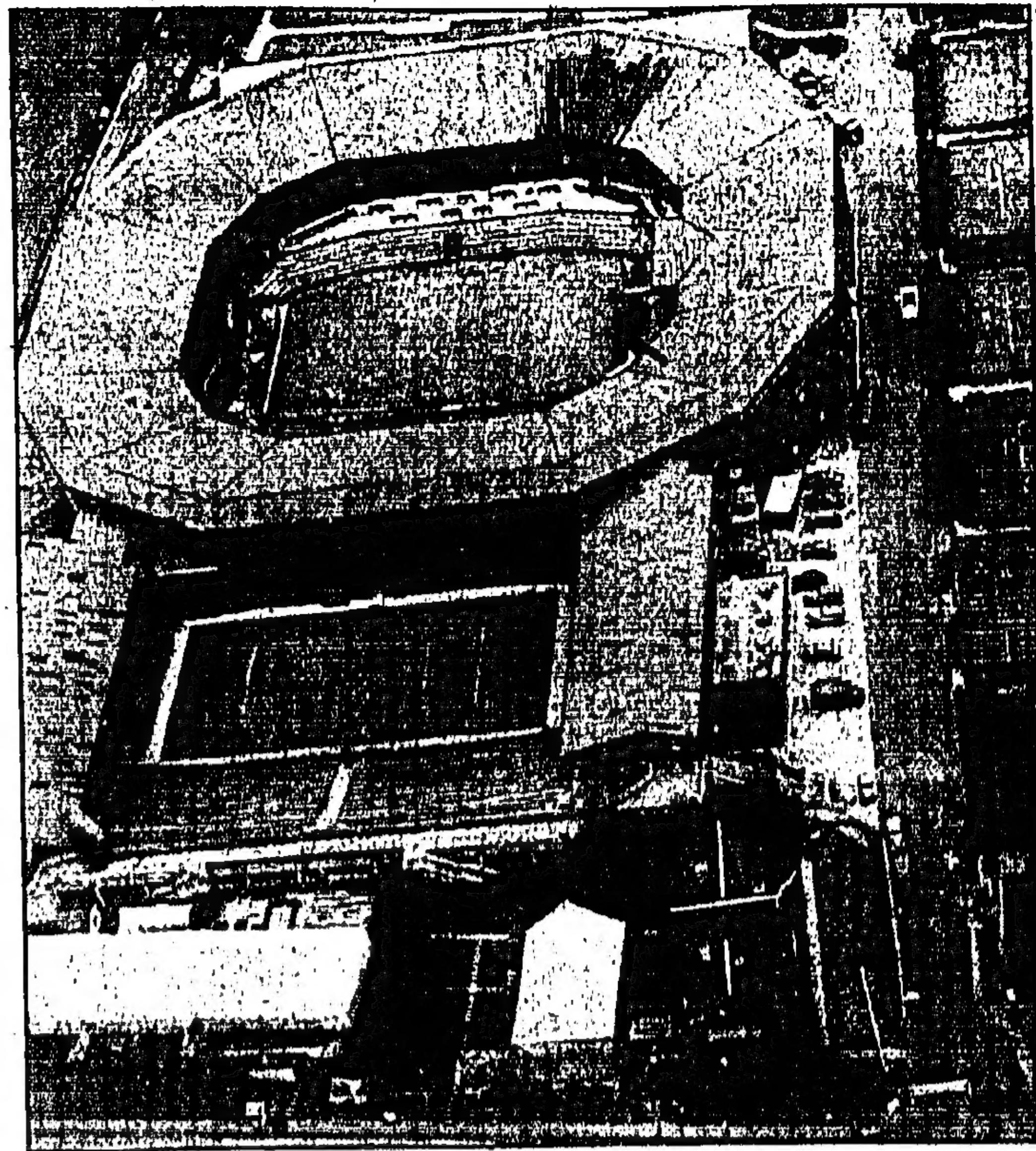
singles match.

In 1955, an indoor match at

Lyons, France, went to 100

games. The players—Drobny

and Patty. It ended in a draw.



For lawn tennis fans the end of June means just one thing — tennis at Wimbledon, battleground for the world's best amateur players. Photo shows Wimbledon from the air, with the famed centre-court in the background. Desolate now, it will be filled with teeming thousands during the next week.—London Express Photo.

WIN-A-WIFE FIGHTER WORRIES LEVENE

Britain's well-known boxing

promoter, Harry "The Horse" Levene, has been anxiously

seeking advice about Jules

Toun, an aggressive West Afri-

can who is coming to England

to meet world feather-weight

champion Hogan Kid Bassey of

Nigeria on June 24 in a non-

title-fight.

It appears that Toun buys

himself a new wife whenever

he wins a fight, which is very

often indeed. So Toun has

been told to leave his wives at

home when he visits monoga-

marous Britain.

His supporters' club will now

consist of chieftains from around

the West Coast of Africa. There

is a possibility that his village

village doctor will also join the

party to boost the chances of

Toun.

Big-hearted Levene says that

If Toun wins he will offer Bas-

sey £15,000 to defend his world

title against Toun in England.

the real thirst-
quencher!



But he had two consolation

JAROSLAV DROBNY

prizes.

Consolation Prizes

The Duchess of Kent, as President of the All-England Club, presented Drobny a non-smoker and Patty with a silver cigarette case. And soon after, Drobny received Home Office permission to reside permanently in Britain.

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Nothing does it like Seven-Up

Saturday Soccer Spot

Stop These Weak Excuses

**DEFEAT IS NOT THE END
IF THE RIGHT LESSONS
ARE LEARNED FROM IT**

By I. M. MACTAVISH

For my money football is the greatest game in the world. Maybe you agree and maybe you don't but I'm sure you will agree that the fans who follow its fortunes are a strange mixture of faith and fickleness.

Since Blackpool came here and chalked up double figures against the strongest side we could turn out all sorts of folks including some who should know better—have been spending their time finding plausible excuses for the Combined Chinese.

The old hardy annual that the Chinese players were betting on the result has of course been trotted out and it sounds even hollower now than it has ever done in the past. "What could you expect . . . Blackpool are professionals" is another typical spot of repartee that one hears regularly. "Our boys were tired after their great efforts at Tokyo" has also had a pretty good airing . . . and to all of them I say "Rubbish".

The local boys—and no one has a greater admiration for them than I—were swamped by a collection of "experts" who played too well for them, who played too fast for them, and in a football sense, knew far too much for them.

In fact if our players have the wisdom to profit by their experience during the Blackpool visit it could be the start of a new era in which our players by application and emulation could just fulfil their true potential.

The Mail Bag

The mail bag this week has been a very mixed affair and it seems that quite suddenly good folk want to express your opinions on various local topics. These are indeed welcome and I am always happy to relay them to our other readers so that, if they like the discussion, they may join in.

One letter this week came from a well-known sportsman who is not at present actively connected with football but whose name stands for much in Hongkong's sporting circles.

He takes issue with me on my suggestion that Hongkong football would benefit at this stage in the careers of a top class soccer coach—who should for preference have a sound reputation in the game.

In one part of his letter my correspondent says "I would suggest that while the players who play in this Colony would benefit from the advice of a first class coach HONGKONG itself would not of necessity benefit as many of the players would take the first opportunity of slipping off to play for other communities like Taiwan. I would suggest that the services of such a coach as you suggest should be confined to those players who have stated their willingness to represent Hongkong in representative competitions."

I need hardly tell you that the mere reading of that extract would touch a few people on a tender spot—but, whether they like it or not, one has to admit there is more than just a morsel of good common sense behind it. Nevertheless, if my information is as sound and accurate as I think it is, the situation may not arise in future whereby players from Hongkong will be tempted away to represent another territory.

Don't, however, get the idea that Hongkong's is the only head in the amateur melting pot. Nothing could be further from the truth and I am told that

the Olympic Committee has some 12 dossiers on its table each—in varying form—containing allegations of professionalism or other equally disqualifying infringements of the amateur code . . . and that in every case football is the sport involved.

The rules of international competitions are the same for every sport on the programme of a particular meeting. The rules that applied to swimming and volleyball at Tokyo also applied to football . . . and those who know the inside happenings in the other two sports I have mentioned will also know what I am getting at.

Strange Avenues

These are the strange avenues opened up by that interesting letter from a China Mail reader. It makes involved and complex reading—but it also gives a new slant to the suggestion that Hongkong should provide the best coaching facilities only for those players who have indicated their willingness to represent this Colony—in which most of them were born and wherein they earn their living—in future competition.

If you have further opinion on this subject I would be very glad to hear them whether they are for or against the point of view put forward by the present writer to this newspaper.

Also tucked away in the corner of the post bag was a strange little note containing a small cutting from my article on June 2 regarding Blackpool's visit. It has been neatly decorated with red underlining where it said that unless Blackpool took the games here seriously and did not enter but them with a "village-green" attitude they might get the shock of their life.

The correspondent has added in large red letters "What a Shock" and as there is no explanation of the cryptic message I leave it at that.

Nevertheless I would suggest that the anonymous gentleman that it is always dangerous to extract an item from a general text and present it in isolation . . . and he might find it interesting to compare what I wrote about the visit with the parting remarks of Mr Eric Hayward, the tour manager. That would give a much better balanced appreciation of the situation.

Finally this week a brief word about our referees who did extremely well in the Blackpool

RECORD RUN



M. Weston sets up a British (All Comers) record by winning the ladies' 60 metres event in the time of 7.6 seconds during the annual match between Oxford-Cambridge and Cornell-Pennsylvania at White City last week.—Central Press Photo.

**Famous Sports Personalities
I Have Met
Cyril Washbrook**

By Archie Quick

A distinguished cricket career is drawing to a close. Rising forty-four, Lancashire's Cyril Washbrook realises that it is nearly time to call it a day. Still a technically correct bat, a recent series of low scores has forced upon him the conclusion that the high standard he once set himself is not now consistently attainable.

It was appropriate that I should see him bat against Sussex at Hove, for it was against that county he made his first-class debut in 1933 with a 46 in the second innings at Old Trafford. Only 19, he got his first century in his next match—against Surrey.

The time came for his initial Test appearance in 1937, and then, inevitably, he and Hutton became the rightful successors to Hobbs and Sutcliffe. Sir Jack, by the way, was at Hove this week to see Cyril. Washbrook, too, became heir to Hobbs' cover-point position, and has been brilliant there for over two decades.

NEVER COACHED

Washbrook was a natural cricketer, and was never coached before he left his native Blackburn district to go to Old Trafford. The game was his destiny, and his unsmiling face on the field shows how deeply he takes his profession.

His £14,000 benefit (untaxed) in 1948 put in the shade the totals raised for Hutton, Compton and Bedser, and later he became Lancashire's first professional captain.

He has also been honoured by the MCC by being elected a Test Match Selector. In that role he was placed in an enviable position in 1956 for he was recalled to the England team against the Australians and right royally did he justify his own Committee's selection.

He is, of course, still a Selector.

HOLDS RECORD

As a first wicket Test batsman he and Hutton put on 358 against South Africa at Johannesburg in 1948-9 and in Australia they had consecutive Test innings of 138, 137 and 100, followed by 168 and 129 at Leeds in the next series!

He also holds the first wicket record against the West Indians—with Reg Simpson—of 212 at Nottingham.

He and Winton Place put on 350 unbroken for Lancashire against Sussex at Manchester in 1947, and in his 75 first class centuries he has hit two each against Australia, the West Indians and the Gentlemen, and one against South Africa.

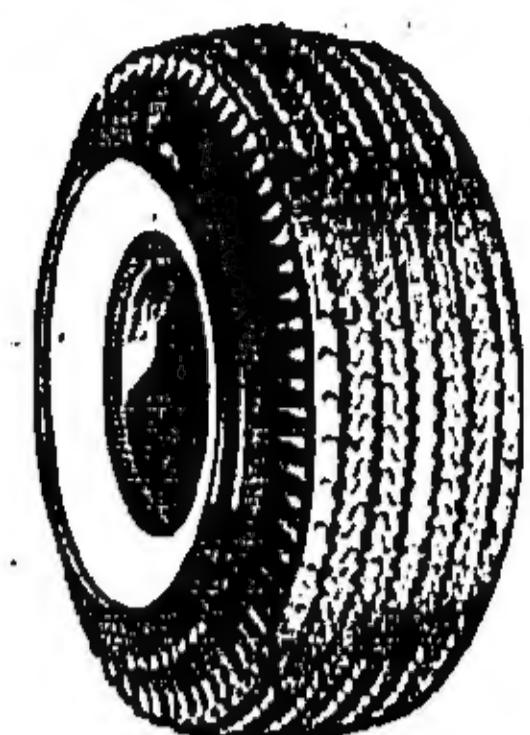
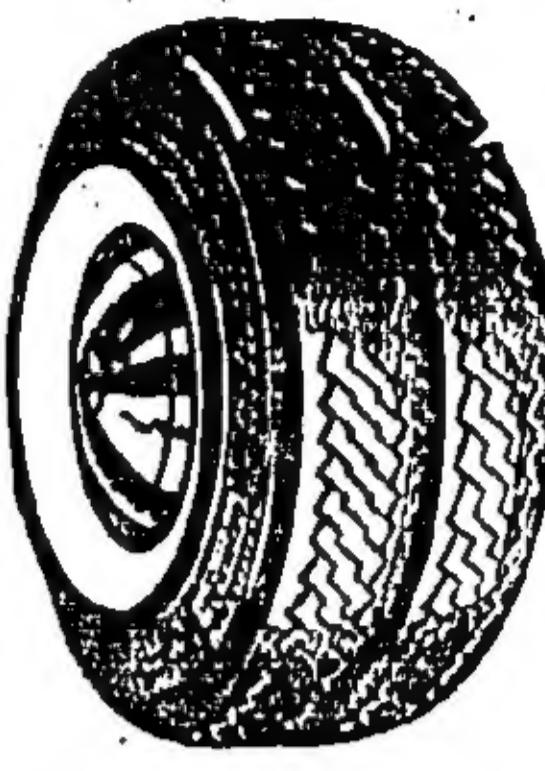
Of his 32,000 runs 2,570 were scored in Tests and he has reached 1,000 in a season on 19 occasions.

Now the sands are running out, but he has earned himself a place in the game's Hall of Fame since he left the Clitheroe and Bridgnorth Grammar Schools.

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